

# The Sketch

No. 1289.—Vol. C.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1917.

SEVENPENCE.



FROM THE BENCH TO THE SUPPER CLUB—AND DISGUISED AT THAT! MR. W. H. BERRY AS MR. MEEBLES, THE MAGISTRATE, IN "THE BOY," AT THE ADELPHI.

Mr. W. H. Berry is at the top of his form as Mr. Meebles, Magistrate of Bromley Street Police Court, in "The Boy," at the Adelphi, a musical comedy founded on Sir Arthur Pinero's farce, "The Magistrate." As the Stipendiary who strays from

the strict paths of respectability, being lured by his stepson to a supper club, Mr. Berry has a part well suited to his inimitable humour. Other photographs of the piece appear elsewhere in this Number.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



By KEBBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

## Bewer Does His Bit.

Herr Max Bewer, the Hun poet, has done his bit. No trenches for him, no black bread, no Australian or Canadian bayonets, no hand-to-hand grips with our colliers from the North or our contemptible fellows from bomb-shattered London. Herr Bewer will now rest in ease and luxury—at least, such luxury as is obtainable in Germany these days—for the rest of his natural life.

And what, you ask, did Herr Max Bewer do? Was he the man who destroyed St. Paul's Cathedral, or was he the first of the victorious Huns to reach Paris on the evening of the famous banquet? Did he command the submarine which put Sir David Beatty's flag-ship out of action? Or was he, by any chance, the hero who organised the marvellous capture of the Suez Canal?

No. These, in truth, were great deeds; but Herr Bewer has outshone them all. He has gazed upon the face of his Emperor, and lived to describe that face for the benefit of the German people! This is how Herr Bewer, of immortal memory, did his bit—

"To look upon the Kaiser is like looking upon a wonderful autumn day." (A poorish start, but wait a moment.) "Think of fields and woods in all their full brownness"—or brown fullness, which you will—"while up above, on the tops of the mountains, there is the first bright, clean, white snow, and above the snow the flashing, blue, sunny sky of a wonderful day. There, from the hand of Nature, you have the faithful picture of the Kaiser."

## How It Passed the Censor.

You will be surprised, no doubt, that Herr Max Bewer managed to get his faithful picture from Nature past the Censor to the hands of the great German public. I will let you into a secret. It was done by a ruse. The Imperial Master, as a matter of fact, was extremely unwilling that anything of the sort should appear in the newspapers.

"Oh," said Hindenburg, "do let it!"

"No," replied the Kaiser.

"Sire," begged Ludendorff, "let me entreat you to let it!"

"No!" repeated the Lord of War.

"I, Sire, add my entreaties!" whined Mackensen.

"Never!" stormed the Archest.

"Think, Sire, how the people will love it!" piped dear old Tirpitz.

"You're a discredited ass!" growled the Ever-Coy.

Then Michaelis whispered in the Imperial ear. What he said will never be known. He will not tell, and the Kaiser could not hear, because he had the same sensation of tickling that mortals have when their ears are thus treated. But his expression changed as though by magic. He sank into a chair. He folded his hands over the handle of his sword. He pulled down his eyebrows and pushed up his moustachios.

The little group waited in breathless agony. At last—

"For the sake of the Fatherland, let it go forth!" came the verdict.

## From the Diary of Gladys Ann

SATURDAY, September 29.—Well, of course, what I mean, there doesn't seem to be anything to write about to-day excepting only these blessed air-raids. Some day, p'raps, when the war is all over, and I'm a very old woman, and wanting to keep my grandkids amused for an hour or so, I shall get out this here diary and read 'em a bit about what their old granny went through with hysterical females and bombs and guns when the harvest moon was full and the nights just lovely for sitting out in the Park.

Take Thursday—my night out. I'd had a p.c. a day or two previous from Hughie, a sailor-man I know, mentioning he had a bit of leave for a funeral he was interested in, and would I meet him for an hour to do the pictures or something. Well, what I mean, a man's a man these days, and with old Bob in the hospital and that, I felt no harm in dropping a line to say I'd be outside the Popular Kafe at six.

Up comes Master Hughie, with that kind of I-don't-much-care-what-happens sort of air all those sailor-chaps seem to pick up, and in less than ten minutes we was inside the Kafe and eating sausage-rolls while the band played lovey-dovey stuff by the mile. Then

we turns out, and was just thinking which lot of pictures we'd have a go at when everybody begins scuttling out of sight!

A Bobby came along with his "Take Cover" notice, so Hughie and me follers the rest into the nearest Tube station.

My eyesight! You never saw such a scrum in all yer puff! There was ladies in evening-dress trying to keep their cloaks clean, and men in boiled shirts, some of which might well have been flannel, and khaki-colour at that.

There was one family party I saw who must have set out to make an evening of it. Campstools they had, and a little kettle for making tea, and enough buns and cakes to feed all the animals

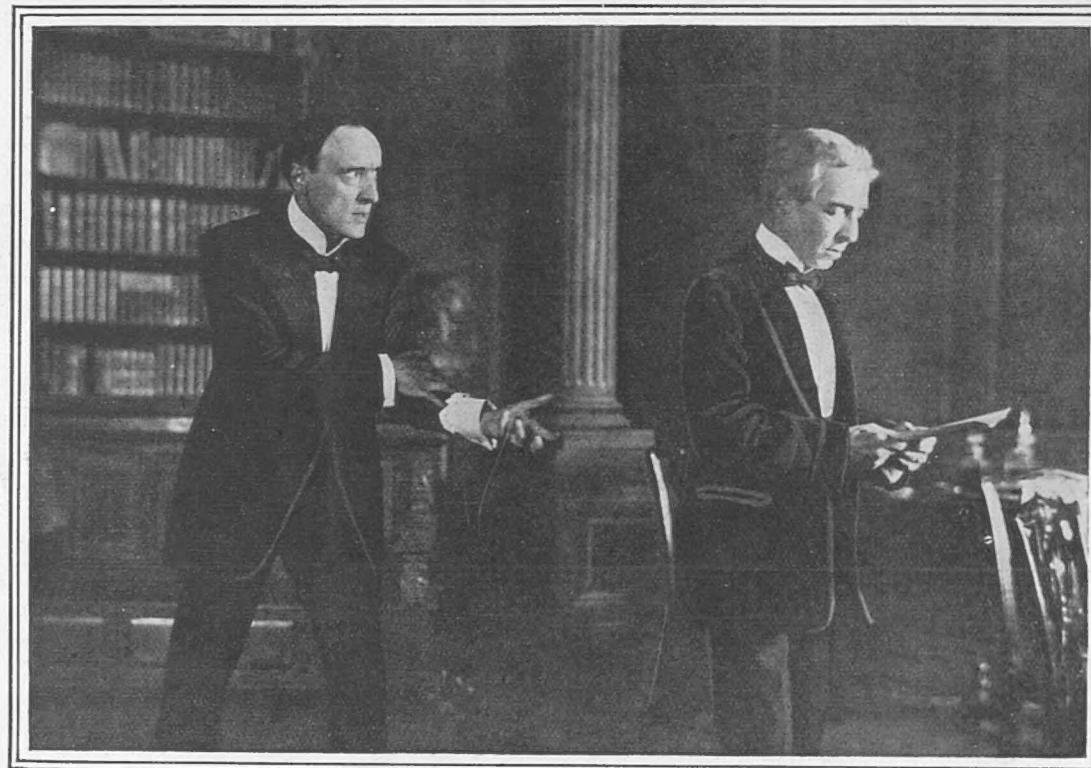
at the Zoo! The old man had his flask, and was enjoying himself a treat. Presently he pulls out a cigar, and I felt like apologising there wasn't any coffee or liquor to go with it! Seemed such a shame!

A woman near me was grumbling because she couldn't save her life for a penny. "I call it a disgrace," she says. "Just because we're compelled to take shelter in the Tube, which I never dream of using as a rule, they go and take away the ortermatic (I fair 'ate that word!) machines, and we got to pay at least tuppence or stay outside and get killed!"

"That's right," I says to Hughie. "Some lives is dear at tuppence!" The way he laughed got me a nasty look from the female. Sailors never did have no tact.

One young chap made the most of his chance. Dark he was, with a lovely curved nose. Snatched off his hat and rushed round asking for a trifle for the poor overworked attendants. It was full of coppers and sixpences in no time, but when the attendants was asked what they got you should have heard the langwidge! Nobody hadn't seen nothing of that young gent since the hat got full! He was off for the next station, nose, money and all! Could you beat it?

There they go again, popping away to the same old tune!



WHILE "THE INVISIBLE FOE" WAS STILL VISIBLE: MR. H. B. IRVING (LEFT) AS STEPHEN PRYDE AND MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS RICHARD BRANSBY, AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. H. B. Irving achieves a personal triumph as the villain in the Savoy play, and Mr. Valentine also acts very forcefully as his uncle who, after death, becomes his "Invisible Foe." Our photograph shows the moment when Stephen, whose guilt has just been discovered by his uncle, makes as though to strangle him, but is interrupted.

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## VERY SINGULAR!

*The Staff.**For the Staff.**By the Staff.**By the Staff.*



**The Early Christians—and the Late Ones!**

much dancing and rejoicing at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, where Miss Harding was opening her Winter Season. With

an excellent floor under one's feet and a magic band beating to the rhythm of one's pulse, aerial attacks seemed very much in the clouds; and, if one felt sorry, it was for the crowds in the catacombs, like the early Christians—in other words, the timorous in the Tubes!

**At the Mansion House.**

The next day, when the radiant weather heralded

the coming of those birds of prey, the enemy aeroplanes, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were at home in their great big hall to receive the members of the United Wards Club of the City of London. The cry of "Take cover" had been sounded only a few hours before,

but all was serenity and stateliness at the Mansion House. A smiling hostess in a pretty grey frock, roses on the tea-tables, Mr. Arthur Grudge's orchestra in selections from "Arlette," the sun caressing Queen Elizabeth on the painted window; and in their niches on the walls Alexander the Great reflected on other wars of simpler ages, while "Alastor" counted the City collection of gold plate from the corner of his marble eyes. Mr. Henry Dann, the President of the Club, listened politely but without enthusiasm to my suggestion that the beautiful parquet of the banqueting-hall was creaking aloud for a fox-trot; but Dr. Macguire, with the *élan* and "go" of his race, was, I believe, ready for anything—even to dancing a one-step with me before the horrified gold-laced and be-powdered Mansion House men-servants!

**A Peaceful Bartholomew Night.**

to the Cannon Street Hotel to hear Gonnoské Komai, the so-popular and picturesque Japanese poet, discourse on the "Petticoated Makers of History," and tell us his impressions of Eastern and Western women. Komai (himself petticoated—he is the only Japanese here who stoically sticks to the kimono, despite the curiosity his garb attracts in London streets) spoke amusingly of, among other things, the advantage that European ladies have over their Japanese sisters.

"They talk," says Komai, "while our women—excepting the Geishas, who are professional entertainers—merely smile and keep silent." Well, but some European husbands, methinks, might not consider that a disadvantage!

**Economy in America.**

The women of America have rallied to the nation's call for commercial economy with commendable speed. The Government is trying to educate the people to buy



THE METROPOLITAN POLICE "TAKE COVER" WARNING FOR AIR RAIDS CARRIED ON A MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by Sport and General.



"The price of a new Government brew . . . shall be controlled in all areas!"

carefully, to limit the free-delivery system, and restrict credit and exchange of goods to seven days from the time of receipt. "The first lady in the land," as the President's wife is called, leads in this necessary reform. The Jeffersonian simplicity of the White House has been further simplified to the lowest possible terms. This should delight the heart of Sir Robert Kindersley, Economist in Chief to the National War Savings Committee, who is urging us to think before we spend. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, by the way, was Miss Edith Bolling, the manor house of whose family was Bolling Hall, now a museum near Bradford, Yorkshire.

**The Charming Shark.**

The much-maligned shark is coming into its own, if Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has his way. Last spring Mr. Roosevelt went on a shark-hunt with a baiter of big-game fish, and has recently put in a good word for the shark. It appears that the average shark is well-meaning and leads an exemplary life, only the white variety having been known to attack human beings. The hammerhead is very fastidious in its choice of food, subsisting almost entirely upon Spanish mackerel. (These extravagant fish!) Several varieties of shark have been eaten for years in Charleston, South Carolina, along the coast of California, and also by the natives of the South Sea Islands. (Some difference!) The Bureau of Fisheries is having the hides tanned for shoe-leather, in default of the skins of animals. Mr. Roosevelt favours the establishment of experiments along the coast for introducing big and little sharks as articles of diet. Attention, Mr. Leviathan! Colonel Roosevelt has his eye upon you. If once he sees you, all is over.



THE METROPOLITAN POLICE "ALL CLEAR" NOTICE FOR AIR RAIDS CARRIED ON A MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by Sport and General.

**Winging Our Way.**

I met the other day one of the few girls who have taken an aeroplane trip by night—I mean little Lucienne Dervyle, the actress. She says it was awe-inspiring and delightful. By the way, I hear some bold spirits are already talking about organising cross-Channel and Transatlantic passenger flights after the war. "Little Old New York," as Butcha affectionately calls it, will see a little more of us in those days, unless we get spilled in the ocean on the way over.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF NEW-FOUNDLAND: SIR CHARLES A. HARRIS, C.B., K.C.M.G., OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

**Gaby on the Go.** Mlle. Gaby Deslys is going off to Paris for a short time with about fifty members of her company, and she tells me that when she comes back to London she will present a French comedy which I believe will be very good fun. The Comtesse de Brioude, whose Spanish dance in "Suzette" was so much remarked, may join Mlle. Deslys in her forthcoming comedy season. She decided not to go to Paris, lest it might

spoil the English accent she is

cultivating with as much care as an allotment-holder gives his potatoes.

**Touring as Training.**

Lady Chetwynd (Rosa Lynd) is, I am told, very pleased with a wordless—mime—play which may be included in her répertoire when she goes into management. It will be interesting to see her art develop, for she has worked pretty hard at dramatic work, and did what experts say every actress



"Wanted, a hefty female, with good muscles and tongue, capable of looking after stage and baggage and telling the local stage carpenters what we think of their stage, their staff, and their lights."—*Adv. in the "Stage."*

Manager: "But I only advertised for one!"

All: "Well, I am only one, ain't I?"



MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES ARMY "CONSCRIPT PARADE" AT WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT WILSON.

Photograph Supplied by C.N.

ought to do at the beginning of a career—tour. Lady Chetwynd toured in a one-act play all round the halls, and I have heard Sir James Barrie say there is no finer test of an actress than that. If she can succeed in that sort of work, she can do practically anything.

**Spartan Simplicity—Ahem!** The new Barrie play which Gerald du Maurier will put on before very long is, I hear, quite delightful, and there is a chance we may see pretty Helen Morris again at Wyndham's, where her portrait of the French canteen girl in "London Pride" won her laurels. By the way, she has devised a new house costume on Greek lines that would rejoice the hearts of the ladies who detest new fashions, for it is so simple and picturesque that one could wear it for years and years—though that is not what Helen Morris would do, I am thinking.



A voluntary worker states that all types of people have filled up the sugar-form incorrectly, and instances an Admiral, Knights, and J.P.s.

"To man of intellect, it seems incredible that such mistakes should occur in filling up the sugar-cards. Now if I were in power I should—"

The Wife: "The sugar-paper has come back, dear; you filled it up all wrong."

There is going to be some "rag" and the Irish won't be in it! Apropos of which, wasn't it pleasant to read the praise of one Irish poet to another? I mean, of course, the appreciation of Lord Dunsany, the exquisite singer of the fairies and phantoms of the Green Country, for Francis Ledwidge, the soldier-poet author of "Songs of Peace," killed at the front some short time ago. Lord Dunsany is giving a *démenti* to Dr. Johnson's caustic comment: "I love the Irish: they are a truthful race—you never heard one Irishman speak well of another." But we have!



MARRIED TO  
CAPTAIN ALAN  
GRAHAM, M.C.  
LADY NORAH  
BRASSEY.

Photograph by  
Topical.

his comrades pushed forward. "I have a rendezvous with Death," he said, romantic to the last; "I shall not fail that rendezvous." And he kept his word.



FOR AIR-RAID DUTY: THE METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY TAKE TO "TIN HATS." *Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

**A Holiday à Deux.** Lady Louth, who has a hospital in France, has been having a brief rest with her husband, Lord Louth, who has had a few days' leave. He is on the "tanks," and very keen too—no "cushy" jobs for him. She must have worked pretty hard at her hospital, for I hear it is likely she will have two French decorations.

**Erin Harmonious.** Just a few of the Canadians were quite down-hearted when they heard the news—total prohibition of drink has been approved and made the law by those who have stayed at home in the province of Ontario, when the boys go home. Ireland



"The chief novelty of the new fur hat," according to a paragraph, "will be a chin-strap of fur, becoming to almost any face."

**Yet Another Soldier-Poet.** Alan Seeger, the young American poet in whose memory a statue is to be erected in Paris, was a Harvard University "Intellectuel." I met him just before he left for France in the late summer of 1912. He had all the arrogance and intellectual snobbishness of a certain type of Harvard graduate, but through his youthful attitude shone a poetic ideality which appears in his recently published "Diary and Letters." He was filled with a passionate desire to live in France, which he had never seen, for he had determined to be a poet and to steep himself in Paris. "I shall never return to America," were his prophetic words. At the outbreak of war he joined the Foreign Legion, and recorded his experiences in a series of articles in the *New York Sun*. They were a revelation of spiritual regeneration. All the intellectual pride and exclusiveness he had thrown off like clothes outgrown, and the flaming spirit of the man stood forth. One of Alan Seeger's friends in France testified that, in order to die in "the moment of courage and enthusiasm" of which he wrote, the young poet shot himself through the head as he lay mortally wounded between the French and German lines, while

Not "Smart,"  
But Safe!

Anyone desirous of spending a holiday at some place reasonably accessible from town, and yet remote from air raids and similar alarms and excursions, might do worse than give Weston-super-Mare a trial. It is not ultra-fashionable, but it is distinctive and characteristic. You can get your morning swim in some very excellent baths, in which you can enjoy the luxury of diving into sea-water from any sort of height instead of tamely and shiveringly stealing in feet first; and you can spend your afternoon golfing, playing tennis, or listening to a band, as fancy and your store of surplus energy shall suggest. And bring your car—no, your bicycle. When you have spent the day riding (and walking) across the Mendips and down the Cheddar Gorge to the amazing village at the foot of it; visited the caves—which must be seen to be believed; and finally ridden home by the shorter, if more prosaic, direct route, you will confess that you have seen something the like of



"The new game of barrage-hunting; or, who found the piece of shrapnel?"

which you will not be likely to come across in any other part of the kingdom. And at Cheddar you will find emporia each one of which announces that it purveys the old original cheese, that all others are spurious imitations of which you should prudently beware—and, in fine, that Codlin is the friend, and not Short! Having selected any one of these, you will proceed to mail a Cheddar cheese from its place of origin and invention to the Lady of your Dreams; and if she be, as she should be, of a temperament at once practical and sentimental, you will anon find that your thought was appreciated. The only fly in the amber of a day which will live in your memory will be that you will arrive at Cheddar so ravenous that you will feel disposed to rebel at the principle of standardised rationing.

**A Man of Many Parts.**

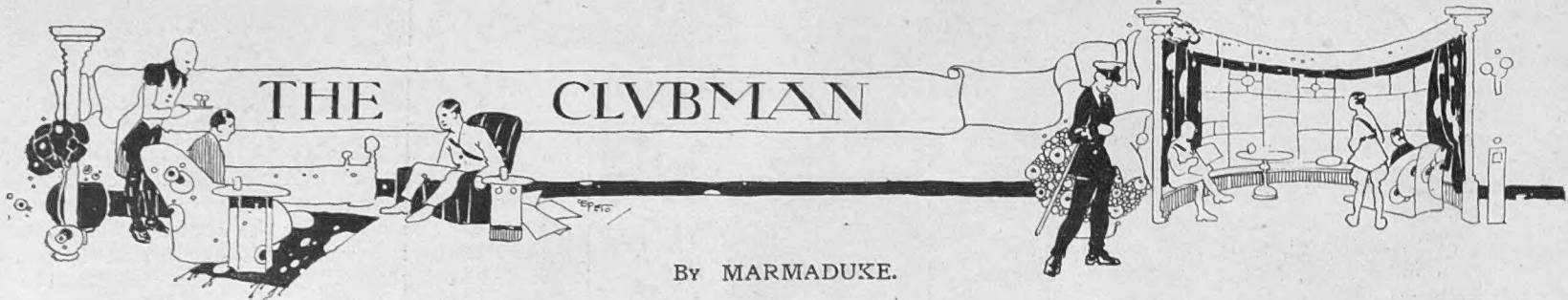
The numerous friends of General Sir Alfred Turner were very sorry to hear of his accident while riding in the Row. With his usual energy, however, the General still goes about as if nothing had happened. Sir Alfred is a man of many parts and wide knowledge; his interest in psychic things has proved of great encouragement and help to the ever-widening circles of seekers and students of spiritual science.

**More Bits from Brighton.**

Brighton is packed. Amongst those to be seen in the Metropole were Lady Abinger (formerly Mme. Steinheil) and Nelson Keys; and other well-known people included Lord Henry Fitzwarine Chichester, Lord Francis Hervey, Lady Newborough, Captain and Mrs. Eric Bridge and their daughter, Miss Doris Bridge; Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Dorothy Hanson, the talented dancer, and Miss Ethel Levey. Also innumerable convalescent Guardsmen officers. A large ball has been given by Canadian officers at the Camp, Shoreham, about a hundred being present. Mrs. Reathe took over a large party in a motor-bus with gas-bag on top.



CHOOSING THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE FOR THE CITY OF LONDON: THE ELECTION OF MR. CHARLES A. HANSON TO BE THE NEXT LORD MAYOR. The scene is the Guildhall Chamber. Sir William Dunn, the present Lord Mayor, is standing at the head of the table. Standing on his left hand is Mr. Hanson. [Photograph by S. and G.]



By MARMADUKE.

"BETSY," the housemaid, gave notice—to the great distress of her master, who asked the reason for her leaving. "I am tired of service," was the answer; "I am thinking of going into 'society'!" The re-shuffling of the social cards at the moment is causing a sharp reversal; whilst many upon lower rungs of the ladder are rising with unexampled rapidity, many upon the higher are falling correspondingly. It is not to be doubted, therefore, that a large number of West End women will have to seek employment after the war; others, also, having worked for the State in the crisis, will object to return to the idle life to which they were restricted previously. That the majority of West End men who are either disinclined to work or to whom the necessary opportunities have been denied will be compelled to earn a living in the immediate future is certain—many of them are already searching for employment in every direction.

The occupation of "commercial travelling" appears to have the most attraction now to several men of the kind; they claiming that their extensive knowledge-of-the-world, exceptional self-control, command of languages, and influence are qualifications which should render them especially useful in the capacity. It is insisted by them, besides, that are we to replace Germany in the foreign markets, there will have to be a large increase in the number of commercial travellers, and that, therefore, the addition of the West End element could not affect the interests of those already in the profession. They recognise that the authorities, in the immediate future, will have to reserve almost every good appointment for the multitude of applicants who have distinguished themselves upon active service by their initiative, resource, energy, or intelligence—in effect, that "favouritism" will no longer be available.

English "society" began to turn its attention seriously to trade and commerce in the middle 'eighties of last century; it was at the time that the services of men of title were much in request as directors of public companies. Towards the late 'eighties, some thirty to forty well-known women, too, were trading, under assumed names generally, as milliners, dressmakers, or art-dealers; fully twenty more had taken to the stage; and others had established themselves as florists in and about Mayfair and Belgravia! Two Peers flooded the streets of London with hansom cabs, and several associated themselves with the selling of various brands of cigarettes! It must be admitted that few of the ventures succeeded; the lending of historic names to the promotion of public companies was a failure which investors have yet reason to remember!

There have been the "Titled Caretaker," "Public School Chef," and "Crossing-Sweeper Professor," and, at a more recent date,

several chauffeurs whose original destiny was the Guards! Lord — was a particularly good-looking man, possessed of an estate in Ireland which did not, however, yield a substantial income. He married an heiress who made him a good wife and was devoted to him; but his Lordship was "volatile" to the extreme, attaching himself momentarily to one woman after another! Eventually Lady — was compelled to divorce him, and with the loss of her money he fell into great poverty.

Some ten years after the divorce, two men from the West End—one of whom was a cousin of his—were dining at an hotel at Greenwich, which was then celebrated for fish dinners. Upon calling for the head waiter, there came to them, with the bill-of-fare in hand, Lord —! The situation was embarrassing; but the tact and good sense of the two visitors overcame it at once—they welcomed his Lordship with as little surprise as if it had been an ordinary meeting at the club, insisting, moreover, upon his joining the party. The proprietress of the hotel, having been much surprised at the behaviour of the guests, was soon reconciled to the extraordinary situation upon learning that her waiter was a Peer!

There having been since the eighties a moderately extensive experience in the direction of trade, commerce, and even more humble employment, the approaching developments should therefore be the easier adopted. A witty writer predicted in a "society" paper, fully twenty years ago, that the day would soon be when Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares would empty towards seven each morning—the women who lived in them hurrying to various shops to sew and serve; the men, to help as assistants at others! The forecast was then thought to be grotesque; it would not be singular, in the fast-altering conditions, were it fulfilled in every particular after the war.

As a contrast to the story of Lord —, and illustrative of the two-sidedness of the change occurring, the following may be told. There was in the household of Sir W. B.—, an under-housemaid who, one morning, asked her master for advice in these circumstances: an American woman, the wife of a millionaire, had offered her the position

of lady's-maid, and at a considerably increased wage. Sir W. B.— advised the girl to accept the offer, expressing the hope that the place and climate would suit her. Four years later, at a large dinner-party in London, Sir W. B.— was astonished to see the housemaid as a guest, and to be asked to take her in to dinner! The wife of the millionaire had died, and the widower had married the lady's-maid; now, returned to Europe, the ex-housemaid had become a social celebrity!



DISPLAYING HIS OWN "CREATION"; A WOUNDED SOLDIER AS "MANNEQUIN."

This photograph was taken at a sale of articles made by wounded soldiers at Southsea. One of them is seen displaying his own handicraft—a fine and unique bedspread—while a nurse books entries for raffling it. The money raised was used to provide more materials for wool and leather work, basket-making, and so on.

Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.

grave Squares would empty towards seven each morning—the women who lived in them hurrying to various shops to sew and



KING VICTOR'S RECENT VISIT TO THE FRENCH FRONT: HIS MAJESTY IN A CAR WITH PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

King Victor recently paid a visit to the French Front, in return for that of M. Poincaré to the Italian Front.

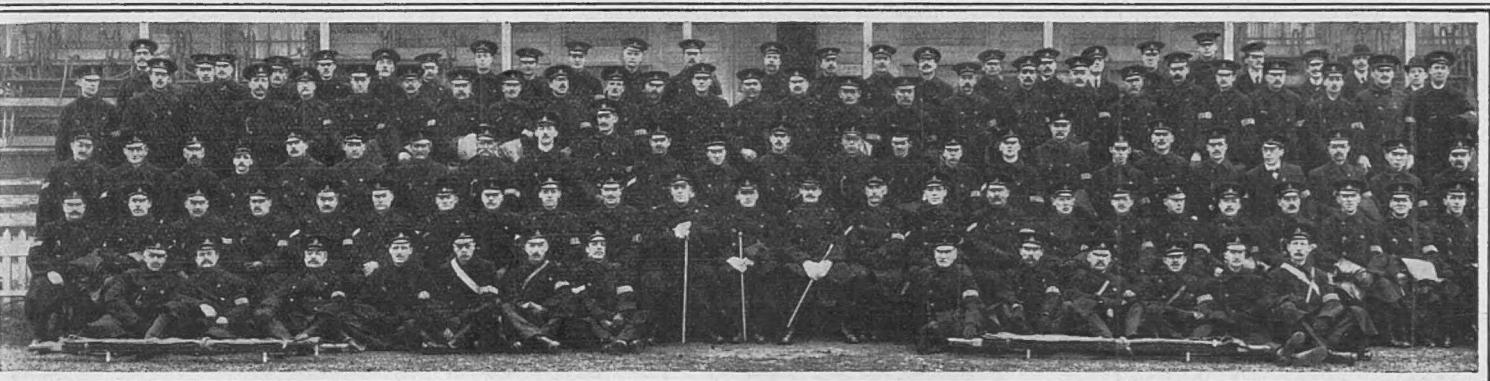
French Official Photograph.

## WITH THE SPECIALS:

XXXIX. AND XL.—WANSTEAD AND BARKINGSIDE: AND HORNSEY DIVISIONS.



WANSTEAD AND BARKINGSIDE DIVISION: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS.



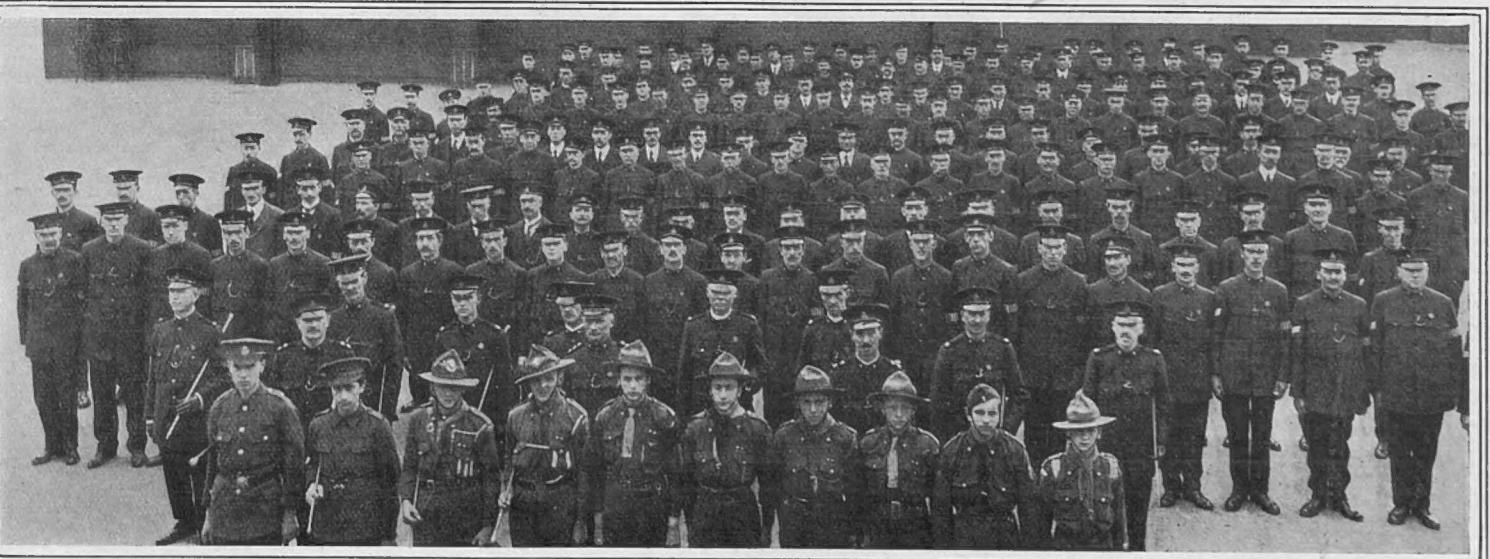
SPECIAL CONSTABULARY OF WANSTEAD AND BARKINGSIDE.

Upper photograph (left to right): Front Row—(Wanstead Division) Sergts. Anderton, D. Paisley, Evans, H. G. Trow, E. P. Alger, A. Brett, Sub-Inspector H. Stubbings, Inspector Bruce Blewitt, Sub-Inspector A. Willing, Sergts. E. Kelley, C. Applegate, A. Hales, E. Bishop; Back Row (left to right)—(Wanstead Division) Sergts. A. J. Rolfe,

W. E. Mundy, Miller Jones, T. W. Mills, C. Fleming; (Barkingside Division): Sergts. Johnson, Oliver, Inspector Harry E. Haslam, Sub-Inspector E. Ingram, Sergts. Parker, Wills, Raine; (Wanstead): Sergts. Southam, F. Booth. The districts include houses of very varied kinds, and the duties of the Special Constables are necessarily onerous.



OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS OF HORNSEY SPECIAL CONSTABULARY.

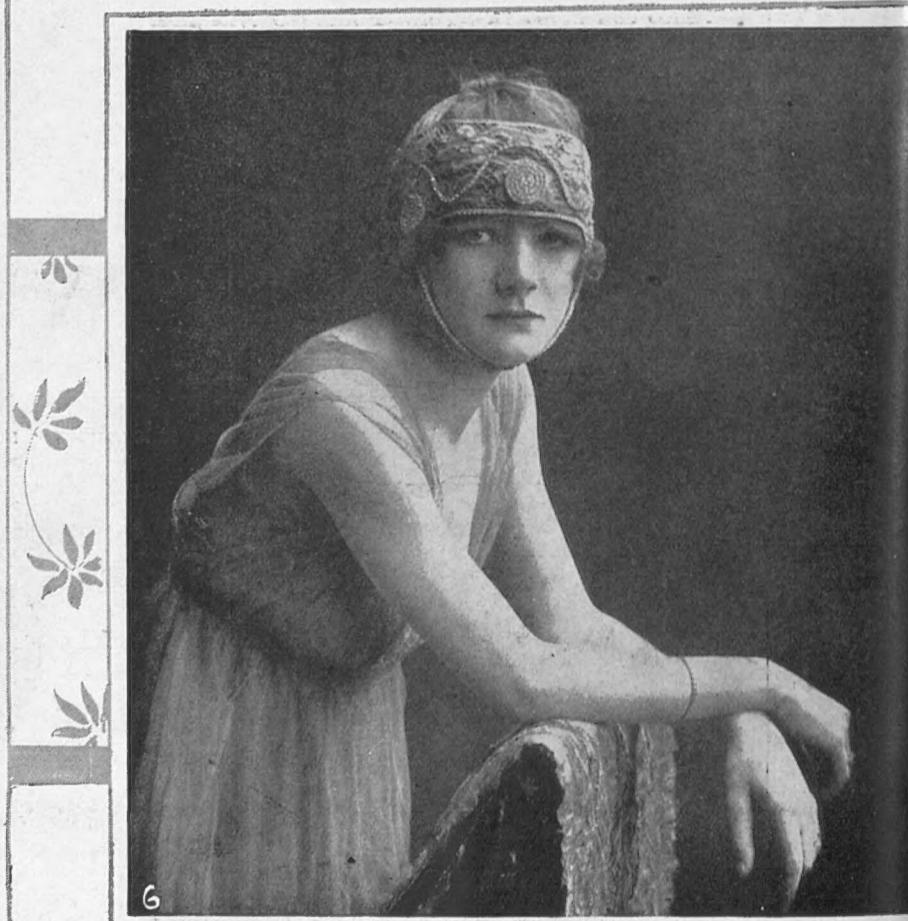


HORNSEY SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: A GROUP.

Upper photograph (Back Row, left to right): Sergts. Hyams, Hume, Mullord, Chipper, Cauldwell, Holmes, Jinks, Fisher, Mills, Cooper, Coleman, Webb, Rogers, King; Middle Row (left to right): Sergts. Gilpin, Levy, Pain, Hamilton, Owen, Hughes, Halifax, Greenway, Mulch, Cunningham, Treadway, Taylor, De Lisle, McCanna, Dukes; Front

Row (left to right): Sub-Inspectors Russell, Gardner, Collings, Jenkinson, Inspector Spredbury, Chief Inspector Robins, Inspector Holland, Sub-Inspectors Campbell, Volkman, Colquhoun, Briscoe, Sergt. Burdge. It is the duty of these Special Constables to safeguard a "residential district" involving much responsibility.—[Photos. by Campbell Gray.]

## AN OCTOBER OCTAVE: EIGHT SWEET



1. "MISCHIEVOUS MIMI," AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: MISS VERA CLARK.

5. LATELY APPEARING AT THE PALACE: MISS DOROTHY HARRISON.

2. IN "TOPSY-TURVY," AT THE EMPIRE: MISS MAE HOWARD.

6. IN "ARLETTE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MISS MOLLIE VERE.

Miss Vera Clark, who is an accomplished dancer, has recently appeared in a dramatic episode called "Mischievous Mimi," at the Victoria Palace.—Miss Mae Howard is a member of the Empire revue company, in "Topsy-Turvy."—Miss Violet Farebrother is playing Miss Doris Keane's part, Cavallini, in "Romance," on tour.—Miss Cicely Eldon successfully took Miss Shirley Kellogg's part in "Zig-Zag," at the Hippodrome, during the latter's holiday.—Miss Dorothy

## NOTES IN REVUE AND MUSICAL COMEDY.



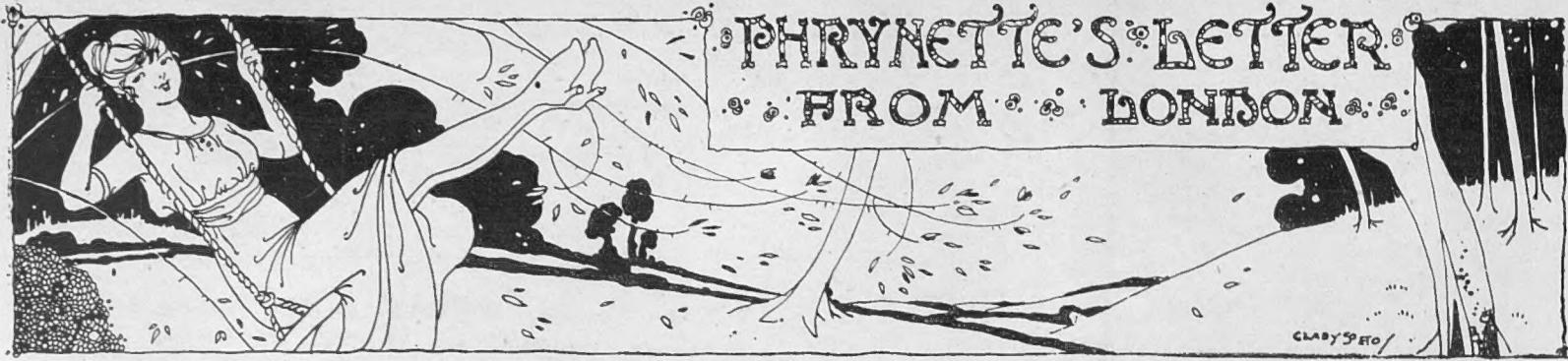
3. TOURING AS CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE": MISS VIOLET FAREBROTHER.

7. IN "CHEEP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MISS RENNIS DALE.

4. DEPUTISING FOR MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG: MISS CICELY ELDON.

8. TO APPEAR AT THE FOLIES-BERGERE IN PARIS: MISS PAOLA RIVERS.

Harrison was in "Airs and Graces," the revue which recently ended its run at the Palace. She was the Bride in the "Bachelor Days" scene.—Miss Mollie Vere is appearing in "Arlette," the new operette recently produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre.—Miss Rennis Dale is in "Cheep," the Vaudeville Theatre's popular revue.—Miss Paola Rivers, we learn, is to be seen shortly in Paris, at the Folies-Bergère.



## SUGAR PILL-ARS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

PILLAR-BOXES in London are being put to do double service these days, for stuck on their red rotundity is a model form of sugar-card filled by a prolific family called Brown—first-cousin to the famous Atkins, no doubt! So now we have no more excuse for signing in the wrong place.

Still on sugar-snuff-boxes have found their use again; but, instead of snuff, they contain castor-sugar, a pinch of which is taken now and then when the cup of life is particularly bitter—when supply in restaurants or private places is more patriotic than plentiful!

Went again to see "General Post," in the company of a daughter of the "sock and buskin" aged twelve. As one to the manner born, she behaved to perfection—far better than many grown-ups, who, I am sure, never realise the torture their chatter inflicts on the actors and the rest of the audience. Only once during the playing did she break the silence. When Norman McKinnel thundered, "If people only realised how much trouble children give, there wouldn't



"The Special Constables are acquitting themselves finely these days."

be another christening in the country," she gave a whispered chuckle—'Daddy could have played this to perfection!'

Miss Titheradge was looking more of a joy than ever after her holiday.

As this is a London letter, I'll tell you the Paris news!

*Le monde chic—et du faubourg*—is returning to Paris. Versailles is still *stuffed*, and the first sign of social activity was a great fête last week in the lovely old gardens in aid of *les charités de la guerre*. It was organised by the Princesse de Polignac. There are a great many Americans (mostly khaki or Croix Rouge) about everywhere—at the Hôtel Continental in Paris they are the predominating clientèle. Uncle Sam is making things hum.

At the Théâtre Femina, very aptly, "Sappho" is being played with great success, with Mlle. Jane Marnac in the title rôle. It is not a *tragédie*, dear readers, but a *revue*—B.C. in period and costume, and very much A.D. in spirit.

The fair poetess, Sappho, keeps a school at which the chief cults are dancing, beauty, and the emancipation of the fair sex. The scene is at Lesbos, where the women occupy all the chief professions; and men—*se cantonnent dans les besognes fuites*—they are dress-makers, manicurists, and so on. Eunice, Sappho's "head friend," discovers, to her horror, when a gown from Kallo (*Soeurs*) is brought in by their messenger, Phaon, that Sappho is in love with the shopboy! Eunice herself is enamoured of Phaon, and in Act II., which takes place at the Villa Eunice at Leucadœa, the unfortunate young man, loaded with jewels, favours, and blandishments, and assiduously courted by both ladies, has a most uncomfortable time of it! Poets, flute-players, and lovely dancers are summoned in vain to amuse Phaon and captivate him for Eunice—the unfortunate Sappho, owing to her position as head of the school, dare not speak. . . .

Ultimately, helped by some of her girls, she decides to flee from her troubles, and, in despair, tries to throw herself into the sea, when Phaon, at length moved to love by such constancy, rescues her—*et tout fini moralement, comme il convient*. . . . I think we really ought to invite that revue over here—what?

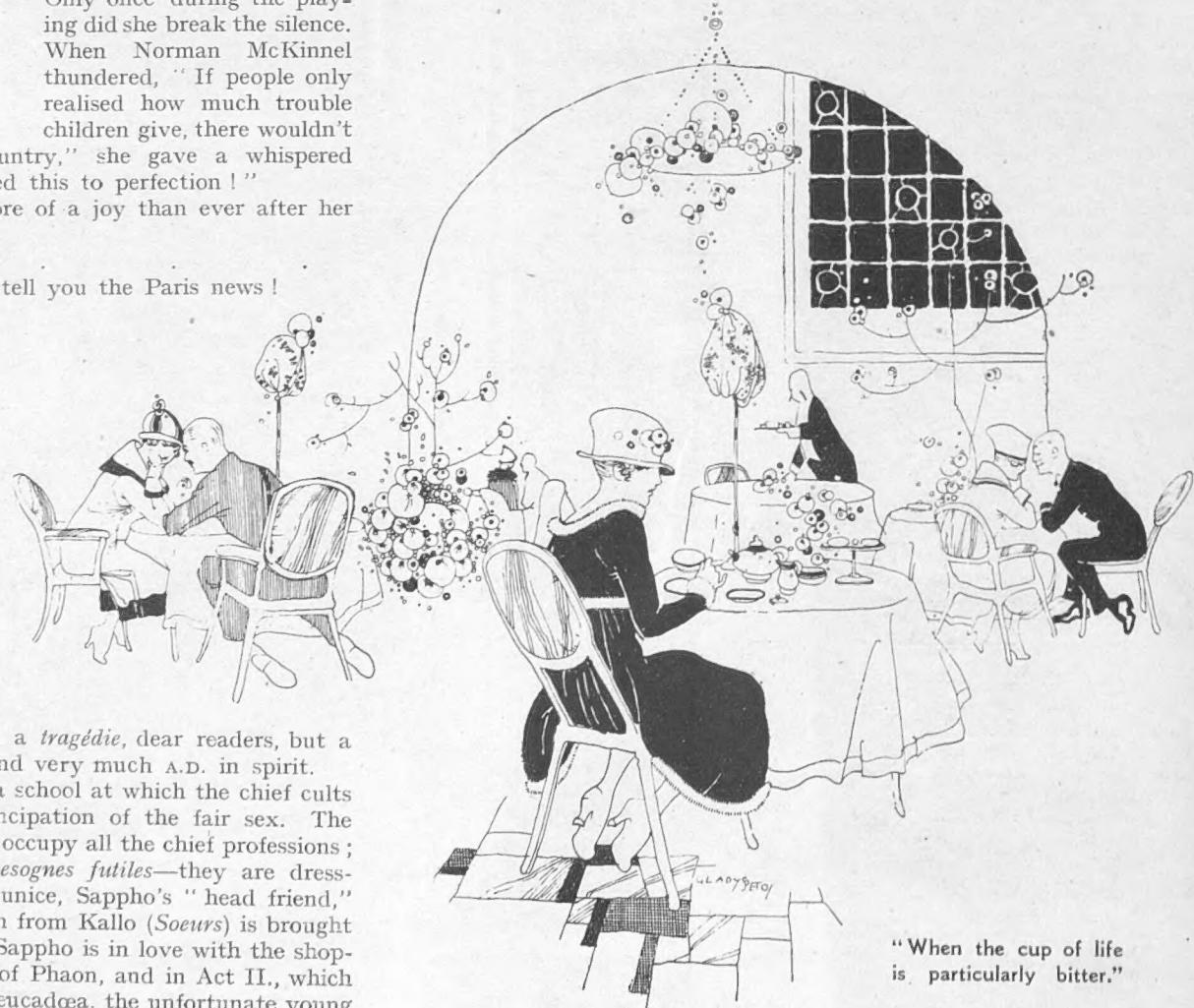
They are actually playing our "Carminetta" at Ba-ta-Clan, when Mlle. Jane Marnac (you know, in France they alternate their theatres and *spectacles*, instead of playing for 450-n performances as we do here) will be supported by Fernand Frey, Mary Massart, and Jane Loury—but they haven't got our Léon Morton, have they?

Speaking of revues, there was great feasting and rejoicing on Wednesday night, Sept. 26 (or Thursday morning, rather!), when Mr. Cochran celebrated his birthday (twenty-first birthday, did you say, Mr. Cochran?) at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. There was a real banquet on the stage that had seen so many sham ones, and dancing to amuse oneself—not the audience.

Delysia the *délicieuse* was beautiful in a peplum-like dress of white crêpe-de-Chine which she had made herself! All the talents!

It was the third year of revue venture for Mr. Cochran—vastly successful three years. All the members of the four companies—the Prince of Wales's, the Ambassadors, St. Martin's, and the Oxford—were invited. Some "company" for supper—what?

A dinky cigarette-holder in amber, with emerald and diamond, was offered to *le patron*, who made a speech of thanks, congratulating his artists on having kept the flag flying unflaggingly during the hottest days—and the hottest raids! Captain Elliot was present; but, unfortunately, Captain Bairnsfather could not come.



"When the cup of life is particularly bitter."

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, the young and handsome author of "The Better 'Ole," is, for all his fame, simplicity itself, and very popular at the Oxford. The chorus girls were delighted the other day to have him in the common dressing-room, sharing with them their frugal feast of chips and biscuits!

Captain Bairnsfather is kept busy signing his much-sought-after photographs for his admiring friends, and trying to escape the album fiend !

Everybody in England is more or less desirous of appearing cosmopolitan in their speech, especially since France has been so near

(and shall I say dear?) to you. We wish to display *sang froid*, *savoir faire*, *savoir vivre*, and a few more delightful characteristics supposed to belong to the French, like the Tommy who, upon being greeted by a *poilu* with a " *Bon jour*," replied with perfect linguistic nonchalance, " *Qui mal y pense*." Undoubtedly we shall—some of us—soon be speaking Americanese, and fondly believing that the Bowery slang which we hear in "crook" plays of the New York underworld is the recognised racy conversation of Broadway and Upper Fifth Avenue !

One of the funniest adventures into the unknown occurred recently, when a well-known M.P. approached the lift in a large hotel and called to the English lift-man in his best French of Stratford-atte-Bow, " *Gasson* ! " The look of supreme pride on the M.P.'s face at being understood (the lift waited for him) was a joy to behold. Everybody's doing it !

"The prettier one's gamp the less sure one is of a long association with it."

since the beginning of the autumn season. If walls could only speak ! One of the first lecturers was the well-known writer and artist Mr. Laurence Housman. "Prison Reform in America" was his subject. He spoke of the changes effected in the notoriously bad New York State Prison at Sing-Sing by Thomas Mott Osborne, first as a visitor, then as Governor for the past five years. He has secured disinfection and proper sanitation, segregation of tubercular cases, exercising of the men together with absolute freedom, Sunday afternoon concerts (which eliminated the regular six o'clock hysterical kicking on the walls when the men were locked into their cells), bathing in the Hudson River just below the prison, lights in the cells (which formerly were dark from six in the afternoon), voluntary evening classes, bed-time hour at ten o'clock, workshops where trades are taught, the disarming of the wardens, and a self-governing Prisoners' Welfare League. Eight years ago seventy per cent. of the discharged men (1800 every year) returned to Sing Sing; now only three per cent. return.

One day a prisoner escaped. Thirty men immediately offered to go out and capture him. Mr. Osborne was not

daunted by this novel proposition. He agreed to appoint twelve of the number. Eleven men brought back the fugitive; the twelfth had escaped. But in a few days he too returned—"for love of Mr. Osborne," he explained. A rare man, with a genius for human nature and for friendship !

On another occasion Miss Nina Boyle amused the audience with her witticisms: " It is much easier to prove that a man is illogical than to disprove that a woman is logical," " Expediency is the tombstone of righteousness," " Bad as our own men are, they are the best"—this last epigram with a mischievous smile and a deepening of the dimples in her pink cheeks. Miss Nina Boyle is fresh from nursing in Serbia for eight months. She was talking about votes. I must not indulge in politics, but I can say this—that I've never heard a wittier, breezier speech than hers. The brilliant characterisation of prominent politicians would have amused those august personages and utterly confounded them with its justice. She separated the sheep from the goats, the light-weights from the heavy-weights, in



masterly fashion. One method of organisation that she advocated struck me as specially happy and original.

" If all the women would stay in bed," she urged, " there's no telling what they could accomplish, because sometimes nothing in the world is so effective as to do nothing ! " Where would the war be if all the women remained in bed for a month, I ask you ? But wouldn't it be jolly ? " *La fortune vient en dormant*," we say in French. Perhaps the vote also !

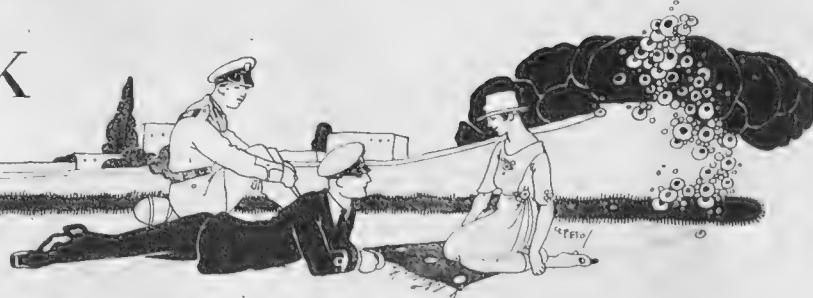
One still hears it whispered that we are to have three-years marriages. Lots of our young men are hard put to it to know what to do. They have chosen fiancées for their wearing qualities in a good many cases; but, if it is only to be a three-years affair, they would like something a little more stimulating. However, a life-partner is like an umbrella—the prettier your gamp, the less sure one is of a long association with it !

The special constables are acquitting themselves finely these days—more power to their elbows ! Most of them seem to have a sense of humour, and tell stories against themselves with many a twinkle. Here is one. A special constable was on duty somewhere near the Strand. He was new to the job, and very anxious to do everything possible, so, when he observed a taxi lingering too long in a crowded bit of the thoroughfare, he told the driver to " move on." The man asked, " Are you a special, Sir ? " The confession was made—he was. " Then perhaps you'll help me, Sir," said the cabby. " Yes," said he of the armlet, and took out his book of words and proceeded to turn a few pages ready for action. " A woman got out of my cab and left a pair of pink corsets in it—what shall I do ? " The book was consulted. " Any property left in a cab must be lodged at the police station, and if not claimed after six days is returned to the finder; but if, however—" read out the special constable. When he looked up the cabby had fled—wouldn't you have ?



"The album fiend."

## SMALL TALK



**M**R. AUGUSTUS JOHN has been given a commission in the Canadian Army. About the precise branch and the exact nature of his new duties I am uncertain, but there's considerable speculation as to whether he will have to sacrifice his beard on the altar.

of war necessity, and so deprive the Café Royal of one of its best-known ornaments. Mr. John is not the only man who disregards the canons governing conventional masculine attire, but he is almost alone in being able to wear hand-made—or is it home-made?—homespun suits and quite "arty" shoes, and looking comparatively inconspicuous in them. On one occasion, however, he decided to forsake his chosen style of head-covering and substituted a bowler in its place. A modest man, he was so overcome at being the cynosure of all eyes—as they say in the novels—that he decided to go back to his old habits. After all, some men and women cease to be ordinary when they cease to become eccentric. By the way, a Café Royalite jester tells me that Mr. John has accepted a commission in order to be in a position to reprimand Private Epstein if he should fail to give the necessary salute.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MISS MARJORIE METHWOLD BIRKETT (THE HON. MRS. CONSTANTINE SMITH)—THE HON. CONSTANTINE SMITH.

Miss Birkett, whose marriage to the Hon. Constantine Smith, R.F.C., was announced to take place on Oct. 6, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Birkett, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W. The Hon. Constantine Smith is in the Royal Flying Corps.

Photograph by Lef yette.

sake his chosen style of head-covering and substituted a bowler in its place. A modest man, he was so overcome at being the cynosure of all eyes—as they say in the novels—that he decided to go back to his old habits. After all, some men and women cease to be ordinary when they cease to become eccentric. By the way, a Café Royalite jester tells me that Mr. John has accepted a commission in order to be in a position to reprimand Private Epstein if he should fail to give the necessary salute.

*A Poetic Countess.* Never was a more energetic war-worker than the God of Love. One of his new successes, the Countess of Kinnoull, who is to marry Captain Bland, of the King's Royal Rifles, is the widow of the twelfth Earl, whom she married in 1903 and who died last year. Rather tall, dark, and good-looking, Lady Kinnoull is a very talented woman, more than a little skilled as a musician, and with a distinct talent for verse that has found expression in many delightful poems known and appreciated by a wide circle of poetry-lovers.

*Quick Work.*

Whilst Lady Norah Brassey's friends were reading at their breakfast-tables that "A marriage is announced to-day between Captain Alan Graham, M.C., Lancs., and Lady Norah Brassey," the lady was promising to "love, honour, and obey" in St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Things move quickly in all departments of life these days, but Lady Norah Graham's method of achieving



"A MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED": THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

The interesting announcement has just been made that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Countess of Kinnoull, whose portrait we give, and Captain B. E. Bland, of the London Rifle Brigade.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

a quiet war-wedding was probably the most effective yet devised. The bride, who was *née* Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, is a daughter of the fifth Lord Donoughmore, and has three little girls by her first marriage with Colonel Harold Brassey, who was killed last year.

*Up-to-Date.*

With the opening of London's—or, to be more accurate, Europe's—first American Red Cross Hospital, at St. Katherine's Lodge, Regent's Park, Lady Harcourt has another call on her already fully-occupied time. The American Women's War Hospital at Paignton and its extension for officers in Lancaster Gate both owe much to her untiring efforts on their behalf, but will now have to share her with the new institution, since she has promised to serve on its Control Committee. As befits a hospital belonging to the youngest and most go-ahead of peoples, St. Katherine's is up to date in every respect, from the operating-table that hails direct from the U.S.A. to the "cute" little concrete paths that run up to the French-windows to facilitate the wheeling of beds and bath-chairs into the surrounding garden; and the blue-and-white scheme that pervades the hospital is carried out even to the diminutive ash-trays allotted to each table in the wards.

*A Sea Painter.*

To many people it will come as quite a shock to learn that the late Napier Hemy, R.A., was born as long ago as 1841. But, as a matter of fact, his seascapes—on which his fame rests—

belong to his later career, which accounts for the modern note hardly to be expected of a man born four years after Queen Victoria came to the throne. Hemy was a curious example of an artist finding his *métier* late in life. His early style was formed under the influence of Baron Leys, and it was not till he was nearly fifty that he attained the manner by which he will be remembered. If not a poet in paint, he was at any rate a prosaist of the finest type, and all lovers of the sea are admirers of Hemy's art, which was always honest, and never condescended to mere pot-boiling.

*The Unpopular Dinner.*

Dinner has been declining as a social festival ever since the very early days of the war; the air raids are going far to kill it altogether. The problem of getting home is growing in complexity; and, after all, however hardy one may be, bombs do not contribute to lightness in repartee. The most experienced dinner-out is conscious of a certain strain in maintaining a flow of gay nothings when shrapnel rattles against the roof. Possibly, when the war is drawing to a close, our grandchildren will have gone back to Queen Anne fashions, and everybody will dine before there is any possibility of a moonlight raid. Meanwhile, lunch grows in popularity. I have never seen the West End so crowded (or the menus so skimpy) as during the last week or two.



RECIPIENT OF A FRENCH WAR DECORATION: VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, WITH THE VISCOUNTESS.

Viscount Duncannon, who has just received the Croix d'Officier of the Légion d'Honneur, is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. The Viscountess was Mlle. Roberte, the only daughter of the Baron de Neufville, of Paris. They have two little sons. Lord Duncannon is M.P. for Dover.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

## BRIGHTER THAN THE "DIAMOND": BEAUTY AT BASEBALL.



1. A FAIR HITTER READY FOR A FAIR HIT; 2. DELICACIES AT THE PLATE: MISS MAUDE WAYNE AS BATSMAN; MISS JUANITA HANSEN AS CATCHER. 3. AND WHAT A CATCH! MISS JUANITA HANSEN CATCHING. 4. FUN FOR THE "FANS": MISS MARY THURMAN SLIDES IN BEFORE MISS HANSEN CAN TOUCH HER OUT.

Our readers, perhaps, know more about baseball than they did in the days before the war, as, with the advent of the Canadians, and, later, the Americans, there have been several opportunities to see the game in this country. Matches have been played, for example, at Lord's and before the King at Windsor. Our photographs, which come from the States, show that American women have taken to baseball, and, incidentally,

have adopted a very attractive style of costume to wear in the "diamond," as the ground is called, from its shape. We are not experts in baseball slang, but we may add that the "fans" (short for "fanciers") are the spectators. Of the particular game here illustrated, no further information has crossed the Atlantic with the photographs beyond the names of the players as given above.—[Photographs by Overseas Pictures.]



THE King's willingness to visit Ireland has been talked about at the Palace for some time past. Lord Wimborne, too, formerly favoured the project, remembering the successes of royal visits in past history, and knowing that the welcome to Dublin which George IV. had George V. would certainly in normal times repeat. But the times are not now normal, and any thought of a royal visit must be indefinitely postponed. Lord Wimborne himself is quite sure of that. The old-time talk of a royal residence in Ireland is also in abeyance, though everyone knows what a welcome would be given to the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia if they should decide to make Ireland their home.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT J. DOUGLAS ROLLS HOARE: MISS SYLVIA GRACE WOLFE-BARRY.

Miss Sylvia Barry is the youngest daughter of Sir John Wolfe Barry, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., the famous engineer, of Delahay House, Chelsea Embankment. Lieutenant Rolls Hoare is the elder son of Mr. J. Rolls Hoare, Mount Street, W.

Photograph by Bassano.

Londoner less riskily placed. The story goes that the other day the Duke, travelling south from Scotland, replied to a friend who asked him what might be his destination. "The London Front."

Sir Philip's Figure.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones tells the readers of the *Times* that the chances of being bomb-struck in London are but one in seventy thousand. And he wonders what anyone would think of such chances at the tables! So Sir Philip does not find London too hot, any more than he found American houses too hot, though warned by everyone against the over-heating he might expect when he crossed the Atlantic. All the same, he confesses that he craved for ice-water continually,

and he came to the conclusion that the humid atmosphere of London does much to allay a Londoner's thirst. But statistics about air-raids are not very convincing. Each raid is an unknown quantity. If a bomb fell on a crowded opera-house, for instance, Sir Philip's figures would look foolish. Not that he himself, I am happy to think, would be one of the victims, for he has always considered opera a tiresome and somewhat comic form of entertainment, and, when in New York, gave all his sympathy to a lady who said she was always hoping for the opera to end that she might get away to supper at Sherry's.

*Not the Dilkey Way.* The repose that marks the caste de Vere

was not, according to Sir Charles Dilke, precisely the possession of Mr. Gladstone. The Grand Old Man overdid the grand old manner. Once, when the Duke of Cambridge complained of toothache, Gladstone threw up his arms in despair. That was his kind of cordiality. Perhaps he would have made an actor. Certainly he had a dramatic instinct unusual among Englishmen. Somebody, who said he remembered Gladstone at Oxford

quite self-possessed and quiet in manner, was interrupted by Lord Salisbury's exclaiming, "You surprise me—I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotsman."

*Glad-stoney Broke.* It was in expressions of solicitude rather than in expressions of pleasure that Gladstone made his greatest show of emphasis. What he would have done to-day, encountering at every corner people who have lost near relatives in the war, one cannot imagine. "Good God!" was his favourite exclamation on hearing news, and especially bad news. The phrase might last; but the air of astonishment with which it was uttered must by shocks a thousand times repeated have passed away. His language and gesture when he first heard of Dilke's misadventures nobody records, and that is best. When it was known that Dilke's chief was against him, a wit of the day, when asked what was wrong with Dilke, merely replied "Oh, Glad-stoney broke." The epigrams made by political wits are worth collecting



A BRIDE OF TO-MORROW: MISS KATHARINE LEWIS. Miss Lewis, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Lewis, Fonthill Rectory, Tisbury, is to be married, on Oct. 11, to Lieutenant F. Gordon Ash, M.C., Royal Engineers, son of the late Mr. Addison Ash, of Bramhall, Cheshire, and of Mrs. Ash, of Oswestry.

Photograph by Swaine.



WEDDING OF THE HON. CYNTHIA CADOGAN (THE HON. MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD): THE BRIDESMAIDS.

The Hon. Cynthia Cadogan, daughter of the Hon. Lady Meux and the late Viscount Chelsea, was married on Oct. 3, at Brompton Oratory, to Captain Humphrey Edmund de Trafford, M.C., Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford. The bride was given away by her step-father, Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Hedworth Meux. There were six bridesmaids: the Hon. Mary and the Hon. Victoria Cadogan (sisters of the bride), Miss Violet de Trafford (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Violet Franklin (daughter of Lady Edith Franklin), the Hon. Diamond Hardinge (daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst), and Miss Joan Lambton (daughter of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Lambton). Captain Lancelot Gibbs, Coldstream Guards, was best man, and the ceremony was performed by Father Bernard Vaughan, assisted by the Rev. Edmund Creuse, Superior of the Oratory.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

## SEATS—10 DOWNING STREET AND CHEQUERS COURT.



A COUNTRY HOUSE FOR BRITISH PREMIERS: CHEQUERS COURT  
NORTH-WEST ASPECT.



SIR ARTHUR LEE'S GIFT TO THE NATION: CHEQUERS COURT—  
NORTH-EAST ASPECT.



TO BE THE PREMIER'S OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT: CHEQUERS COURT—  
THE NORTH FRONT.



DONOR OF CHEQUERS COURT TO THE  
NATION: SIR ARTHUR LEE.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY SIR ARTHUR LEE AS AN OFFICIAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR THE PRIME MINISTER:  
CHEQUERS COURT, BUCKS—THE SOUTH FRONT.

A munificent gift to the nation has been made by Colonel Sir Arthur Lee, K.C.B., M.P., in the shape of his beautiful house in Buckinghamshire, which he has presented to be used, in perpetuity, as the official residence of the British Prime Minister. Hitherto political gatherings in country houses have been informal, although influential. The house-parties at Chequers Court will be of a more authoritative character. Sir Arthur

Lee, who has served in the war, and has been mentioned in despatches, is Conservative Member for the Fareham Division of Hampshire. He was for a time Parliamentary Military Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, and later became Personal Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War. During the Spanish-American War he was attached to the U.S.A. Headquarters in the field.

# LIFE'S HORIZON.

THE opportunities of the future for those who save are many. Do not spend all you earn. Save as much as you can week by week. Save for your children's education. Give them the right start in life. This is not preaching—it is sound common sense. Invest your money where it will grow and help your country at the same time. Buy Government securities—War Savings Certificates are ideal. Each 15/6 becomes £1 in five years, and you can get your money whenever you want it, or if you prefer them—buy National War Bonds. To do without trifles now will mean that you can buy *useful* things in the future.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE.

(Appointed by His Majesty's Treasury)

Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4.



## THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY!



GINGER: Shortest day to-day, Nobby.

NOBBY: Thank Gawd!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## THE RED PARASOL.

By CATHERINE MAIS.

**I**N the tangle of pink valerian and St. John's wort which the landlord of the Three Bells described as his garden, Martin Brooke paused to watch the uncertain progress of a red parasol on the southward slope of the hill.

Twice already that morning he had mentally packed his bag and betaken himself and his belongings in the local cab to the nearest railway station, and each time some infinitesimal nothing had delayed his going.

The first time it was a lark singing a Te Deum in mid-heaven. While larks sang Te Deums in Wales, surely 'twere an unforgivable sin to spoil a summer's day in town.

The second time it was the Red Parasol.

Martin Brooke sighed. If Fate, that luckless wench, had decided he should stay, 'twas not for him to thwart her, even though the charms of the Three Bells had been much over-rated. So in the tangle of pink valerian and St. John's wort he paused while the red parasol dallied on the hillside and coquettishly with wild roses.

Even making due allowance for the blackberry-bushes and the gorse, its course deviated more than Martin judged necessary, and his hopes alternately rose and fell till a shadow crossing the pathway where he stood told him that the red parasol had arrived at the gate of the Three Bells.

Not a shadow, but the sunlight, told him the rest—of the youthfulness of the red parasol's owner, of her slimness, of her fairness, her seductive sweetness; and, somewhat dazed, Martin stood silent until eyes blue as the bluest of delphiniums were turned on him with wistful enquiry, and—

"Excuse me, but are you Mr.——?" came the question.

By a gesture Martin stayed her.

"Madam," he said hastily, "let me at once undeceive you. My name is not Jones; my landlord is a Jones; my tobacconist, my porter, my cabby, are Jones—all pronounced, if you please, as 'Chones.' My name is——"

"Cosway!" implored the maid of the red parasol. "Oh, I'm sure it must be Cosway!"

Hand on his heart, Martin bowed.

"I've always made it my rule not to contradict a lady."

The face beneath the red parasol looked puzzled, then sad.

"Ah, then, perhaps it's not Cosway."

"What's in a name?" demanded Martin cheerfully. "I might have six baptismal names and three surnames, and yet be called by a pet name which is the short for none of them."

"Yes," was the answer; "but Mr. Cosway is Miss Lloyd's cousin—Miss Lloyd of Llanellian Hall, you know. He—at least, I mean you—wrote to her last night, didn't you?"

Martin considered.

"Possibly," he conceded. "I write so many letters."

"But you told her you were staying here."

"I've told most people."

"And so, of course, she wants to see you."

"Of course," agreed Martin.

"I think she has something most important to say to you. I'm her companion, Daphne Mildmay, and she sent me to fetch you."

Martin flicked out a half-smoked cigarette, and buried it carefully beneath his boot.

"If you've brought the chain," he answered complacently, "I'm ready."

Still the red parasol tarried.

"Are you the only visitor at the Three Bells?"

"The only one."

"Then I suppose you must be Miss Lloyd's cousin."

"It looks like it."

The red parasol was furled, and began to dig holes in the gravel path.

"She said you had side-whiskers—perhaps you have shaved."

Martin passed his hand tenderly over a smooth chin and cheek.

"I seldom forget," he said.

The red parasol dislodged a stone, and the delphinium-blue eyes watched, interested.

"She said you had a florid complexion."

"This sun," apologised Martin, pointing upwards, "this sun tans one horribly."

"She showed me a photograph—it isn't much like you."

Really, the red parasol was doing so much damage now that Martin was forced to interfere.

Gravely with his stick he patted down gravel heaps and knocked stones into position.

"You know what these photographer fellows are," he said lightly. "Anything to make a pleasing study."

"You'll be nice to her, won't you?" pleaded Daphne Mildmay. The eyes were doing their work again now. "She's very fond of you. I suppose she always has been."

"Always," murmured Martin impressively. "One of those cousinly devotions that begin so well, and end—so ill."

The red parasol was put up, but even now it seemed restless, dissatisfied.

"She's kept the bunch of violets you gave her that day—years ago."

Martin kept a dreamy eye on the horizon.

"That day, years ago—dear me!"

"You always gave her flowers."

"It is a little habit of mine," Martin acknowledged.

"I suppose you never have cared for any other woman."

"Until now," amended Martin.

"You won't mind her looking rather—elderly, will you?"

"Rather not!" said Martin, with forced gaiety. "We none of us get younger."

[Continued overleaf]



HARRIET JANE—AGED ONE: MISS MERCIA SWINBURNE, OF "THEODORE AND CO.," AT THE GAIETY.

"Theodore and Co.," at the Gaiety, celebrated its first anniversary a week or two ago, and seems destined for a still riper age. Miss Mercia Swinburne, as Harriett Jane, has been in the cast from the beginning.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

## AN UNKIND CUT.



INFANTRY (*to Artillery*) : What do yer fire out o' that gun, mate?

ARTILLERY : Peas !

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.

On the southward slope of the hill Daphne became more communicative.

"I'm really awfully glad you're coming," she said. "I was afraid at first that you weren't Mr. Cosway, and lately Miss Lloyd has seemed so depressed; but she'll be better now. She's just longing to see you."

Martin smiled fatuously.

"I think she wishes now that she hadn't been so foolish once."

"When?" asked Martin.

The red parasol was caught by a wild rose. Slowly and clumsily Martin disentangled it—so clumsily that his shaven chin just brushed against Daphne's pink cheeks, so slowly that she had time to look reproachfully at him and to smile forgiveness.

"When you asked her to marry you?"

The red parasol had hidden Daphne's face.

"You think," asked Martin anxiously—"you think she wants to change her mind now?"

They were close by the gate of an old stone house; crimson-ramblers hid the porch, and looked daringly in at open windows.

"Oh, I'm sure of it—sure of it!"

Martin stopped.

"I think," he said, "I think I'll come this afternoon."

To make love, of course. That's what I came for."

Followed a few minutes of utter silence, while Martin paced the terrace, his bouquet in his hand, and then Daphne joined him, and a mysterious smile was on her lips.

"It's all beautiful!" she said, and then she sighed deeply. "Beautiful!"

Martin turned to her.

"Where's that red parasol?" he demanded, and fetched it himself from the porch.

"Now," he said, when it was open and shading Daphne's fair head from a still relentless sun, "we will take the red parasol and the flowers on to the lawn, and then—"

"And then?" asked Daphne.

"I can begin—"

"To do what?"

Through the open window of the drawing-room Martin caught a glimpse of a florid complexion and side-whiskers against a pale face and a grey head.

"I'm glad I brought him," he said softly.

"Yes; but I thought you were Mr. Cosway yourself."

APPEARING IN "ROUND THE MAP," AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS MABEL VENELL.

A new Venetian scene was recently added to "Round the Map," the popular revue at the Alhambra.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

noon—I shall be more in tune then. Besides, I've forgotten my flowers—I always take flowers when I set out to make love."

Actually the red parasol seemed disappointed; beneath it, Daphne's eyes filled with tears.

"You promise to come this afternoon?"

"Faithfully—faithfully," said Martin, and in token of his promise he pressed the slender hand held out to him.

When Martin Brooke returned to the Three Bells, a man with a florid complexion and side-whiskers was sitting in the bar-parlour. He was asking the garrulous hostess the way to Llanellian Hall.

"My cousin, Miss Lloyd, lives there," he added in explanation; "and I've not seen her for years."

Martin stepped forward.

"I'm going there myself this afternoon," he said eagerly, "and I shall be delighted to show you the way."

For an hour after lunch Martin busied himself in the garden; he was gathering pink valerian and St. John's wort, and not until the bouquet had assumed Gargantuan proportions did he express his willingness to start for Llanellian Hall.

"Has she changed much?" asked Mr. Cosway, choosing his path carefully in amongst the blackberry-bushes and the gorse.

Martin eluded the question.

"Delightful as always!" he murmured with enthusiasm.

In the porch of the old stone house stood a red parasol folded up, prim, unassertive.

"Where is your mistress?" Martin asked it severely.

She should have been waiting for him.

Mr. Cosway's florid complexion had grown more florid, and from time to time he flapped at his forehead with a coloured silk handkerchief.

"I feel awfully nervous," he said.

"So do I," sympathised Martin.

"You don't understand," snapped Mr. Cosway. "I've not seen her for years."

"Neither have I," said Martin.

"I thought you saw her this morning."

"Was it this morning?" asked Martin, "or was it a hundred years ago?"

Mr. Cosway shrugged his shoulders.

"You talk in riddles," he said, and rang the heavy iron bell till it pealed through the house, and in all the bravery of summer

muslins and fluttering ribbons Daphne stood in the doorway and smiled up into Martin's face.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said.

"I've brought Mr. Cosway," said Martin, "to see his cousin."

"But you?" questioned Daphne.

"I've come to see you."

"Oh!" said Daphne. "Then I'll go and tell Miss Lloyd. Shall I take your flowers to her?"

"No," answered Martin peevishly; "I always carry flowers when I set out to make love."

Mr. Cosway was getting impatient.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Yes," said Martin; "take Mr. Cosway to his cousin now. Tell him that she's changed her mind, that she has always loved him, that she still has the violets, that she talks of him—"

But Daphne had vanished along the stone-flagged hall, and with her Mr. Cosway.

Followed a few minutes of utter silence, while Martin paced the terrace, his bouquet in his hand, and then Daphne joined him, and a mysterious smile was on her lips.

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TO APPEAR IN "ROUND THE MAP," AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS MABEL VENELL.

"Cash on Delivery," a new musical farce by Mr. Seymour Hicks, with music by Mr. Haydn Wood, is due for production at the Palace on or about Oct. 10.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"I never mind what I am called," answered Martin humbly; "I didn't choose my name—it just happens to be Brooke."

"I see," said Daphne thoughtfully, and smiled up at him once more.

"It served my purpose to be called Cosway this morning; this afternoon I want to be called Martin, and—oh, Daphne, put down that red parasol!"

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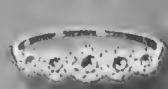
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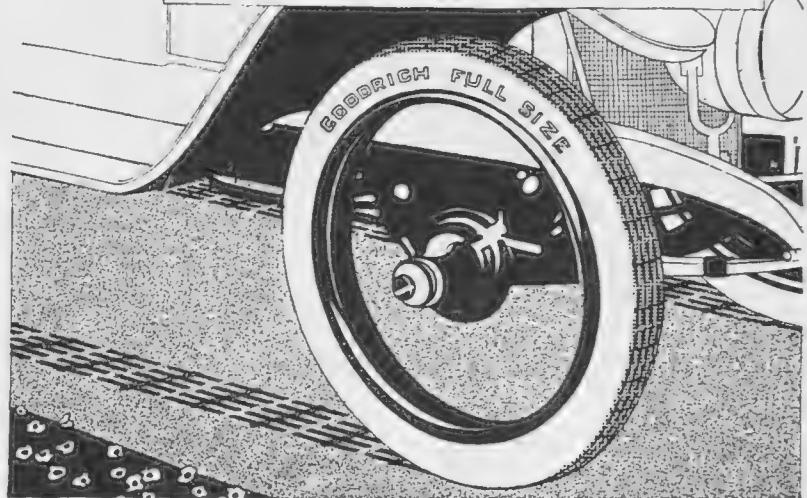
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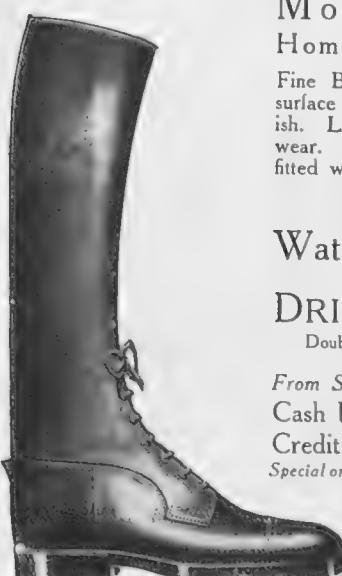
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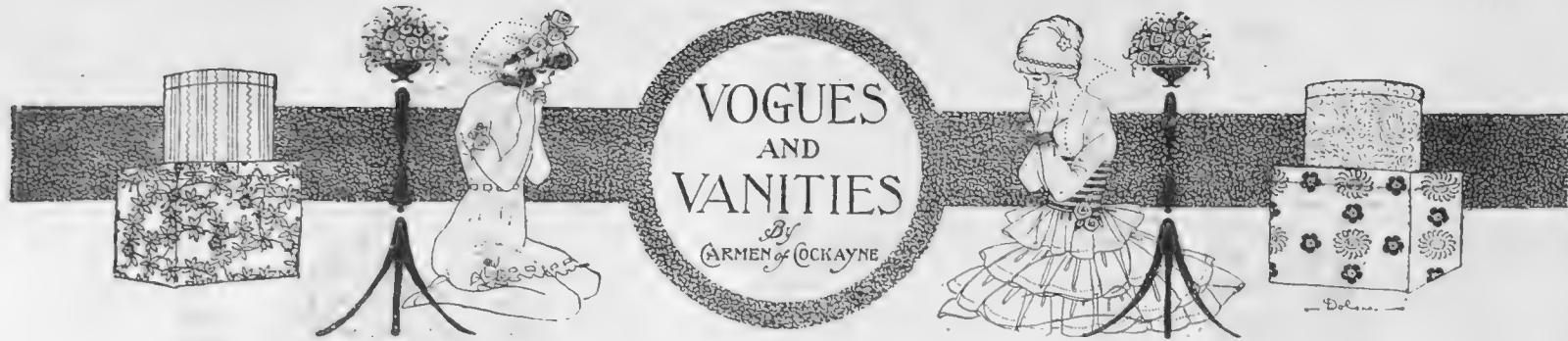


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**The Important Trifle.** This is the season of the considered trifle. The importance and value that was once attached to fig-leaves was mere child's-play compared to the respect and attention that the best brains in the dress world devote to the little things of dress. The strange but effective creations prepared as additions to the feminine toilette are not probably prompted by any desire for economy, or necessitated by shortage of materials. Still, they do rather recall the origin of Poulet Marengo. Napoleon's chef, hard put to it in a waste land for materials with which to make a dish, managed to secure a fowl, a pea or two, a stray onion, and an odd turnip, and welded the incongruous materials into a new and piquant dish which has stood the test of 130 years.

**Making the Most of Them.** Artists—the kind who live by designing things for women to wear—are doing very much the same kind of thing, and succeed in uniting the apparently irreconcilable with the happiest results. After all, that's just as it should be in war days, when the last ounce of use must be extracted from everything, if it's only a beaded blackberry or an odd scrap of coloured wool. Take millinery. Quite the best hats of the moment have a vegetarian or fruitarian tendency, and really a wartime ration of blackberry-and-apple tart has better decorative possibilities, when worked out in the right mediums, than one might at first think. English tomatoes have been good

*Stockings may serve a double purpose. Here a brown-and-white one forms part of a golfing-cap.*

this year; there has been a glut of plums. Both these things are reflected in the hats of lovely woman. These are just two or three examples of the art of the modern

maker of headgear and things with which to trim it. But there are heaps of others, and one can only admire the ingenuity that manages to achieve such attractive results from unpromising materials like bits of flannel and leather, oddments of silk, a bead or two, and an assortment of variously coloured shells.

#### A Hint for Modes.

So far, however, no one seems to have exploited the possibilities of the munition field. There is at the moment no maxim-gun toque; and the decorative value of the shell-nose motif and the grenade garniture have yet to be put to the test. Still, it would be unreasonable to complain of lack of variety or initiative in what we already possess, as a glance at Dolores' pictures will at once show.

**New Use for Stockings.** There is the toque with the cheeky

brow-band which illustrates the highest point yet reached by that useful article, and suggests at the same time a new use for an old friend. For the dice-board surface is simply the lower part of a stocking—and the design and colouring must be identical with those worn on the feet, so that extremes may match, even if they don't meet. The yellow woollen crown is prolonged so that it does duty as a comforter as well as a head-covering. A good war-time idea, isn't it?—and it simply represents one of the many golfing and sport novelties at Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, where the authorities work on the principle that it is a woman's duty to look her nicest best on all occasions. Smartness is, after all, largely a matter of habit. The thing is really quite easy once you set your mind to it, and not half so expensive a business as the people who don't practise it like to pretend.

**The Little More.** For instance, it would be hard to find anything further removed from predigity than a comforter of beige-coloured wool, matched with a cap and hand-bag. Could anything be more 'chic' than the self-same set lined up with a bit of printed chiffon and serving as the background for an exhibition of woolly flowers in all kinds of cheerful shades? After looking at the sketch, most people will agree that the little more has never achieved so much before.



*Blue suede is the excuse for its existence. Though it has a powder-puff, it would carry sugar quite comfortably.*



*Gold net for the head, and striped tissue for the band make an attractive tea-gown cap.*

its powder-puff-carrying duties for sugar-carrying ones, and it is only on of many dainty trifles that can lead a double life without getting into trouble.

#### The Stimulus of War.

War, in fact, seems to have stimulated, rather than otherwise, the inventive faculties of the people who spend their time trying to make lovely woman more lovely still. Perhaps at the back of their mind lurks the fear that the growth of a sense of independence may lead to a slackening of women's interest in pretty clothes; and all the lovely nothings that follow hard on the heels of one another may be efforts to keep alive Eve's interest in things lovely and of good report. Judging from the response, she is a long way from indifference yet.

#### Striking Out on Their Own.

Hats and head-dresses and trimmings, by the way, are not the only things that are forsaking precedent and following their own sweet will. There are veils. They used to be plain or spotted, or embroidered with gold or silver thread for extra *chic*. But now the "only" veil, or almost the only one, will be three-quarters plain, and make up for it by having a bird or beast or flower of rainbow-tinted panne on the remaining fraction. An evening headdress isn't just a headdress any more—or at least it need not be. It's a cap that concentrates all the gorgeous colours one associates with the East in its own small self—like the one on this page, for instance, the restraint of whose gold-net crown is amply compensated for by the gleaming colours of the tissue headband.



*Woolen flowers make all the difference to a plain "comforter," and the tassel helps the good work. The bag and the hat are of wool too.*



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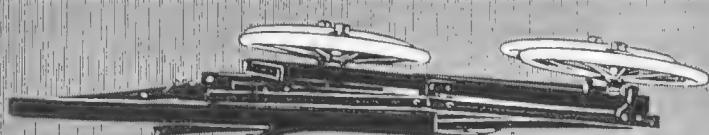
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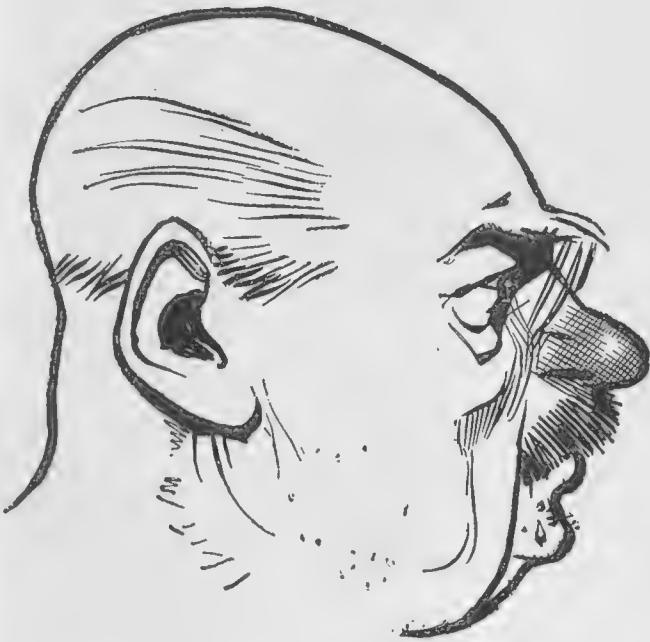
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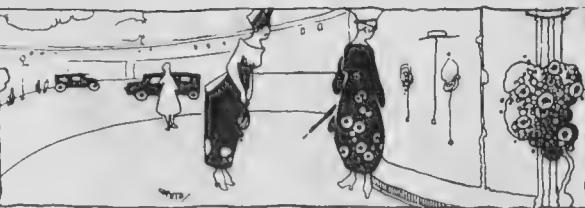
Elegant Coat of Dark Nutria, with Collar  
and Cuffs of Beaver, lined Pale Fawn  
Satin. Length 48 inches. Price £105.

Illustrated Booklet of Beautiful Furs  
(32 pages) Post Free on request.

163 & 165, REGENT STREET  
W.1.



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



### A la Italian Officer.

The Italian officer's military cloak is a garment long admired by British women and coveted for their own use. Before the world was enwrapped in war I have seen pretty Englishwomen wrapped in these cloaks. The genuine article they were, and something in the nature of a scalp, for the officers had parted with them to the owners, whom doubtless they had much admired. They are very well cut, these cloaks, unlined, and with neat close collars, and some of them are a lovely soft grey-blue. Naturally, now that they have caught on as quite a fashion, our own firms make them. Woollards, always in the van of vogue, have some in black with red collars, and in dark rifleman's-green with buff collars. Always there is a little natty, soldier-like touch about them which endears them to womenkind.

**What to Wear.** We are all interested in the modes for autumn and winter. A brochure on this fascinating subject issued by Harvey, Nichols, and Co., Knightsbridge, is therefore welcome. This old-established, also well up-to-date, firm's buyers have come back from Paris with a wonderful selection of models, which they are showing in their salons, and some of which are illustrated in their booklet. A special sale of a high-class furrier's stock of fur ties and muffs is in progress, and offers a further inducement to visit this well-known establishment. The brochure, which will be sent on application, gives illustrations of varied and charming gowns and frocks from 5½ to 12 guineas, according to material and style; of blouses, of which the choice is very varied; of petticoats, once again necessary garments of tailored skirts, of coats and skirts, wrap-coats, fur coats, and hats; and also of fashions for girls. It is an admirable guide to the styles of the day and to the value offered at this highly reliable establishment.

**Hats and Heads.** Brimless hats are not things to embark light-heartedly upon; they play such tricks with our countenances as might make our angels weep. Such tricky things they are, too; a clever saleswoman, seeing that a customer is intrigued with one, poises it just right, and places the most flattering of veils round it in the newest way. The veil is declined because of its great price, the old one is arranged round the brimless hat, and the proud purchaser issues forth for an afternoon of small parties. As no woman is ever long separated from a glass, the hat is surveyed at intervals, and at each it looks less satisfactory. The truth is that it has been settling down, and when its owner arrives at home she is divided between the depressing conclusion that she has lost all her smart looks and a deadly hatred of her new hat, which she gives to her parlour-maid as an inducement to stay on in spite of air-raids.

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TWO SMART WHITE-CLOTH COSTUMES.

The left-hand model is trimmed with a big musquash cape collar and fur buttons; the other one with the new padded embroidery and buttons of dull silver.

### A Raid and a Regret.

I met a friend who had just come through the din of an air raid in London on her way from the West Countree to Surrey. "Yes," she said, "the noise was awful, and one never knew when an aerial torpedo would not finish one's career—their hiss is particularly vicious and sinister; but what stuck in my brain through it all was regret for a bar of Wright's Coal Tar Soap I left in my hotel at Plymouth!" We really are queer things; one knows the value of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, but an aerial torpedo might have stopped any further use for it. However, there it was: the

W.C.T.S. was more on my friend's mind than the raid. A present of a box of this most valuable commodity gave her a good laugh, but she said the dear bit left in Plymouth would always stick in her memory with regret.

### Miss No Good Chance.

These are times when it behoves house-mothers to look ahead and miss no good chances to keep up their stocks of necessities. There is now in progress a special sale at Robinson and Cleaver's Linen Hall in Regent Street, at which real bargains will be attainable—real from the fact that the things are indispensable, and that they are the very best of their kind, offered at a reduction of from 5s. to 6s. 8d. in the £1 below present prices for linens of all kinds. Some of them are the finest productions of this firm with its world-wide reputation. In addition to exquisite table and bed linen, towels, etc., there are bargains in curtains and curtain-nets, in handkerchiefs, in lingerie, in dressing-gowns and jumpers, and blouses and tailored shirts, and tailored coats and skirts; while smart maids' aprons and caps, collars and cuffs are specialties at this genuine sale.

### Ducky Set of Furs.

"Will you go to the

International Fur Store and buy the smartest collar and muff you can get for, say, £100, and send them to, etc., etc.? You see, she has just accepted me by letter—I hope she loves me, but I know she loves furs." Now that is a nice commission, but it had its drawbacks: what colour would she like, what fur, what style? Well, the I.F.S. people are so charming to deal with, I arranged for exchange if necessary. Such lovely things I saw, of the fascinating new shapes, and such perfect furs. Finally, I made my choice in Fisher sable, now so fashionable in Paris. It was a perfectly lovely one of the new high collars, with a turned-back cape from it, and a scrumptious muff. I have heard from my friend at the front that it has proved the greatest success—no more ducky set of furs, she told him, had ever been seen; and my young friend very fervently hopes ere long to see her in them! I, for my part, congratulate myself on my stroke of luck in making the choice.

## HOW ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER'S WIDOW KILLED ALL HER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

By Special Arrangement, She Offers Free Full Instructions how She Eradicated Hideous Growths on Face and Arms after 20 Years' Failures with Electricity, Liquids, Powders, and Pastes.

Remarkable Secret of the Hindoo Religion, now Exposed Freely for the First Time, Enables any Lady to be Rid of Superfluous Hair for Ever.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Frederica Hudson, widow of a Surgeon in the Indian Army, any lady can now secure quick, complete, and permanent relief from the curse of Superfluous Hair.

Here is Mrs. Hudson's story: "For years I was sorely afflicted with a heavy moustache, several tufts of beard, and a hideous hairy covering on my arms. Like

many others, I wasted a small fortune on the various preparations advertised, all of which made my growth all the worse. I also submitted to the terrible electric needle, but found that for every hair thus destroyed at least two came back in its place. My husband, who was Major in the British Army in India, discovered (as anyone can learn by consulting the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and other standard works) that Hindoo women are forbidden by their religion to have hair on any part of the body except their head. Even the faintest trace of hair on lip, chin, or arms would for ever ostracise a Hindoo woman. The Hindoo method of destroying hair, however, has always been a closely guarded religious secret, but just before his own death, my husband saved the life of a converted Native Soldier, and persuaded him to



reveal the secret of the Hindoo Hair Destroyer. My husband gave me the entire formula. I tried it. The very first application made the hair weak and withered-looking. In a few days the hair entirely disappeared, and since then I have never had a trace of hair to show. And so, having found that this remarkable remedy absolutely killed my heavy moustache, the coarse tufts of hair on my face, and the heavy covering on my arms, from which I suffered 20 years' humiliation, I want every woman to have the benefit of the secret which my husband secured for me.

"So write me to-day, sending me the Coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address (please state whether Mrs. or Miss), together with two penny stamps for postage, and I will send you free full and complete instructions, so that you need never have any trace of superfluous hair to annoy you again for the rest of your life. I will also send you free particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Address as below."

**FREE COUPON.** Good for immediate use only by readers of *The Sketch* when sent with two penny stamps for postage.

MRS. HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair; also additional particulars of other beauty secrets as soon as ready.

Above coupon, or copy of same, with your name and address and 2d. stamps, to be sent to Frederica Hudson, Suite N 1520, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. 1.

**IMPORTANT NOTE.**—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

## A PIECE OF THE WRIGHT KIND!

The soldiers of the Allied cause demand their (w)rights—a peace of the (w)right kind that offers security and protection to health and happiness.



A really good suggestion to guard against infection.

4½d. per Tablet.

## JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste

Tubes 1' Pots 1½-2½



## ARE YOU SATISFIED

with your SKIN and COMPLEXION? Have your cheeks the bloom of health and your skin the delicate softness so much sought after and admired? If not, keep a bottle of

## BEETHAM'S La-rola

on your dressing-table, and another in your bathroom. A little gently rubbed on your face before going outdoors will protect it from sun, wind, etc. A few drops in your washing water will make it delightfully soft, and will keep your face, hands and arms beautifully smooth and supple. Never be without La-rola.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1½d.

### PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT. Boxes, 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.



## The World's Dentifrice.

AND  
ACKNOWLEDGED  
TRIUMPH OF  
MODERN  
CHEMISTRY.



C.V. & S.—15.

No change in price. 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6, in white flasks with patent Odol Sprinkler.

From all Chemists, Stores & Perfumers.

THE ODOL CHEMICAL WORKS, BERKHAMSTED.

## SOROSIS The World's Finest Shoes for quality.

THE SOROSIS SHOE STORE, 233, Regent St., London, W. 1,  
and throughout the Country.

**WOMAN'S WAYS**

Five Shillings  
Anywhere.

There is an agreeable air about the new proposal for Penny Railways, and we should implore the Transport Reform League—rather a severe name, by-the-bye, for so light-hearted a society—to hasten the millennium, and allow us to travel to Penzance or to Inverness, first-class and express, for a paltry five shillings. The cheap railway solves the problem at once of where to live. Most people like country air, and would add the pleasures of the town if they could, especially in winter. Now, if you could reach London for the sum of one penny, as is proposed, who would sleep in the wilderness of bricks which lies athwart the Thames? Moreover, why should we confine our summer holidays to Eastbourne or Bexhill, when for the same half-crown you could get to the Highlands or to Exmoor? We should spend week-ends at North Berwick instead of at Brighton, and leave the districts nearer town to the toiling masses. But we should have to make up our minds to the defacement of beautiful Surrey, Sussex, and Kent. For here, if the cheap railway scheme was really achieved, would live the proletariat. The housing problem would be solved in a trice, and the land all round London would be covered with small houses, gardens, and allotments. London might well become a place in which to work and play, but not to sleep or spend your leisure.



A PLUCKY HORSEWOMAN :  
MISS DOROTHY HILL.  
Miss Hill is a fine horsewoman, with  
nerve and skill, and is riding  
Government remounts. Her brother  
is Master of the East Essex Hounds.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

"sitting" on ladies' boots and determining the precise length of heel they shall wear? Possibly we are only at the beginning of sumptuary laws, and that we shall presently be told that we must wear "standardised" hats, coats, and frocks. If we could only arrive at a useful and becoming uniform, both for day and evening, we should do more to emancipate ourselves from feminine futilities than even the possession of a vote will achieve.

**The Tranquil Countryside.** While London is being fiercely bombed, there is something singularly strange about the autumnal peace which broods all round about it, except in the zones by which our aerial visitors arrive. Only forty or fifty miles away, the gorgeous procession of the autumn days goes by, each one more golden and amber than the last. The click of croquet-balls is the only sound breaking the silence of the Sunday morning, followed by the laughter of young people on the lawn. It is true the boys are in khaki, and the girls on week-days are working in canteens or singing at camp-concerts; but you must put your head out of window to see what manner of croquet-players these be—the sounds are those one is accustomed to in every warm and sunny October. Now and again an aeroplane goes snarling and fussing overhead; you may even hear a military band or a tattoo; but at night the huge golden harvest moon, by whose light you can see to read, looked down on a scene of tranquil beauty which, even in England, few of us have ever seen surpassed.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Order of the Boot.** It is clear that the saucy boot of 1915 will dis-

appear this winter, and that "standard" wear for everyone, young or old, frumpy or fair, man or woman, will presently be the only weatherproof thing obtainable. Heels are to be strictly moderate in height, nor will the flighty be able to add a cubit to their stature, for the last will be standardised—for all the world like a Boche submarine. One wonders, even in these incredible days, what member of the Government has been



ENGAGED : LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. A. ROOTH, R.A.M.C. (T.)—  
MISS BEATRICE DE PUTRON.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Rooth, R.A.M.C. (T.), of Gordon House, Brighton, to Miss Beatrice de Putron, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. de Putron, of Abbotsbury, Elstree, and Fontaine Fleurie, Guernsey.

Photograph by Vandyk.

**SOCIETY GOSSIP**

War Names.

I notice that a little girl, who has a father in the tanks, has been christened "Tankie." It seems as queer an example of the baptismal horrors of war as can well be imagined. Some parents have managed with some success to combine topicality with euphony. I know a little boy, for example, who is called Dorian Smith, in memory of the man who held the foe at Le Cateau. There are numerous Georgina Lloyds, and Douglas Haigs by the score. I have heard of a Cadorna Brown, and one admirer of the Russian victor in Galicia named his little daughter Brucie Love, which was at least ingenious. But nothing can be said that would commend "Tankie" to me.

**The Man Who Could Not Shudder.**

The man incapable of fear is more often heard of than met. Most heroes are very ready to acknowledge times of sheer "funk." Brigadier-General Freyberg, V.C., who has just appeared in the casualty lists, is, however, blessed with the same temperament as the famous Boy who Could Not Shudder. He seems to have no nerves at all. A New Zealander who is still only twenty-eight, he has fought at Antwerp, in Gallipoli, and on the Ancre. One of his exploits was to swim ashore at Gallipoli, and, by lighting flares, deceive the Turks into the belief that an attack was in progress. In the taking of Beaucourt last year he received ten wounds, and continued fighting simply wrapped in bandages.

**Unsafe "Cushy."** There is grim irony in the fact that Mr. G. J. Stevens had survived two campaigns in which he was a war-correspondent, only to fall a victim to a recent air raid. But that is the way of things. Many experiences in this war encourage the fatalistic position that a man will only die at the time and in the way he is fated to die. Who, in his wildest imaginings, could have prophesied three years ago a watery grave for Kitchener? The great French explorer, Dumont D'Urville, lived through the most terrible experiences, and was finally killed in a railway accident. I remember a man whose whole life was a gamble against fate in the wildest parts of the world. He won, and retired with a large fortune to the North of England. Six months later, I read in the paper that he had lost his life by the overturning of a char-à-banc at Blackpool.

**Entertainment for Our Defenders.**

Entertainment has been given by the free Sunday Smoking Concerts for Soldiers and sailors, arranged by the Aeolian Company, Ltd., at the Aeolian Hall, 131-137, New Bond Street, of which the twenty-second will be given on Oct. 14. Mr. Frank Armstrong is to be congratulated on a happy idea well carried out.



A MINE OF MEMORIES : THE EARL OF WARWICK.

Very wide interest is being shown in the announcement that "Memories of Sixty Years," by the Earl of Warwick, is on the eve of publication. Lord Warwick was born in 1853, and married, in 1881, Miss Frances Evelyn Maynard, a lady of brilliant gifts and beauty, who is much interested in various forms of philanthropic effort.

## VENN'S DAINTY "UNDIES!"



**V**iolet Velma Vere de Vere  
Was a dainty, delicious, delicate dear ;  
Delightfully dressed from top to toe,  
For she always "got it at VENN'S, you know!"

**E**xquisite, filmy, lace-y things  
(My imagination, you see, has wings !)  
Were Violet's dearest dream of delight  
By day and—whisper it gently !—night.

**N**ow the very last thing you'd have thought  
she'd do  
Was to work "on the land." But she did !  
It's true !  
For she couldn't nurse and she wouldn't knit,  
But was awfully keen on "doing her bit."

**N**ever a day but she rakes and digs,  
And plants potatoes and feeds the pigs . . .  
But doesn't she just enjoy her Sundays,  
When she revels again in her dainty "undies" !

FULL PARTICULARS OF OUR  
COMPETITION AND BROCHURE  
ON APPLICATION.

This pretty Lawn Set of Knickers  
and Chemises (as sketch)

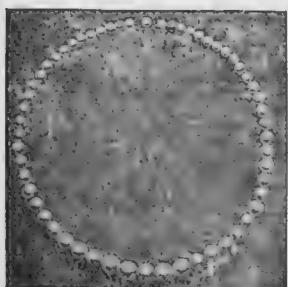
£2 12 6

Dainty Garters, black ground,  
and tiny coloured flowers,  
5/6 per pair.

**VENN'S** 14-15, CONDUIT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.  
'Phone: Mayfair 1407.

## SESEL PEARLS

SESEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.



Beautiful Necklet of  
SESEL Pearls, in  
fitted case, with 18-ct.  
gold clasp.

£4 4s. 0d.

Rea. Diamond Clasps  
with SESEL Pearl,  
Emerald, Sapphire, or  
Ruby centre, from

£3 3s. 0d.

SESEL Pearl Ear-  
rings, Studs, Scarf-  
Pins, Rings with Solid  
Gold mountings, from  
£1 10s. 0d.

Brochure No. 1 on request,  
post free.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESEL (BOURNE LTD.), 14 & 14a, New Bond St., London, W.  
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# The FRENCH VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER:  
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,  
RHEUMATISM and all ailments  
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the  
department of the Allier, and are the property of the

## FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine  
Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents—INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,  
Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E. And at Liverpool & Bristol.



**Get  
that 4/6 bottle  
of TATCHO for 2/9  
to-day**

**T**HIS big bottle of the original Mr. Geo. R. Sims' TATCHO—the most famous and successful hair-grower in the world—is offered at a low price to-day in order to induce you to give TATCHO a trial. It would not pay to make this offer if the matter ended there. But every woman and every man who gives TATCHO a fair trial (and the big 4/6 bottle is ample for that) will continue to be Tatcho-users ever after.

### WHAT TATCHO WILL DO FOR YOUR HAIR

If your hair is skimpy, brittle, lacking lustre and therefore difficult to dress attractively, you simply must use TATCHO, which is clear, spirituous and not at all messy. You just sprinkle a few drops of TATCHO on your hair and brush it vigorously in. Do this every morning. In a few weeks you will be astonished at the result. Your hair will have gained in vigour, will grow more strongly—there will be more of it—and it will have that silky sheen that only healthful hair possesses.

# TATCHO

*The HAIR GROWER*

All Stores and Chemists in the country will give you the 4/6 bottle of Tatcho for 2/9 while this offer holds, or you may get it direct post free for 2/9 from

The Governing Chemist,  
TATCHO LABORATORIES,  
5, Great Queen Street,  
Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Wholesale Agents for Australasia :  
Toilet Table Articles, Ltd., 76, Pitt Street,  
Sydney, New South Wales.



**THE TAXI TROUBLE : A 1000-MILE FLIGHT : BOMBING SUGGESTIONS.**

**Women and Taxis.**

With private motor-cars laid by the heels and taxis growing fewer and further between, the difficulties in the way of busy men increase almost hourly. In the circumstances, it may not unreasonably be asked if shopping women might not be asked to curb their enthusiasm for taxicab locomotion. So long as they can find a taxi within hail, they jump into it just as airily as in the days of peace, when the streets swarmed with public-service vehicles. A day or two ago, for example, I had an urgent mission to perform, and wished to bridge two points between which there was no railway service. A stray taxi hove in sight, and I was just about to hail it when two young ladies who had just come out of a shop contrived to catch the driver's eye. As they stepped aboard I heard their instructions to the driver, and realised that they were merely following the line of a Tube railway, with a station a few yards from where they stood, and another adjoining their objective. As the incident occurred in the forenoon, there was no question of escaping a raid crowd; and in the interests of economy, as well as of the needs of others on more pressing business, the ladies concerned might justifiably have been expected to travel by train.

**Long-Distance Flights.**

It is perennially hard to impress the British public unless facts are brought to its very doors. Journals of every type, for example, have made a great song about Captain Laureati's non-stop flight from Turin to London, and, merely because they knew no better, have hailed it as an epoch-making development of aerial locomotion. That it was an excellent, praiseworthy, and even dramatic performance not even an expert would dispute; but the popular idea that it eclipsed anything that went before it is erroneous and even absurd; for, as a matter of fact, both before and during the war, much greater distances have been covered without a stop. Miss Ruth Law, for example, several months ago flew from Chicago to New York—a distance of 910 miles—in eight hours net time, and covered the first 770 miles without alighting, her non-stop flight being thus 114 miles in excess of the more recent performance. But far more astonishing than either was an achievement just before the war. When the Agadir incident had nearly brought France and Germany to blows, the Government of the latter country set about improving its air

to the Turco-Bulgarian frontier—a distance of 1000 miles—without a stop.

**"In Their Lairs."** There is another matter which the public has now realised all too tardily, but without being blameworthy, in that it has enjoyed few, if any, opportunities of learning the full facts. I refer to the question of the air raids on



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE AEROPLANE "SHEFFIELD," PRESENTED TO THE NEWFOUNDLANDERS BY THE CITY : LORD HUGH CECIL GOES UP AS OBSERVER, WITH LIEUTENANT STRANGE AS PILOT.

*Photograph by News Illustrations.*

the Metropolis. From the highest to the lowest in the land, it is now recognised that the only effective policy is to "hit back," but simultaneously it is stated that we do not possess the requisite number of machines for that purpose. Quite apart from the question of raiding German towns, however, the necessity of bombing German raiders in their lairs was advocated from the very earliest days by Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., and it was he who organised the successful attack on the Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen in October 1914. Now Mr. Pemberton Billing has made many mistakes of manner and method, but it is only bare justice to pay tribute to his prescience in this respect, and the success of the recent R.N.A.S. raids from Dunkirk has afforded striking confirmation of the soundness of his contention. The most ironical feature of the situation, however, lies in the fact that the very Gothas with which London has been assailed, and will continue to be assailed, were modelled, though in inferior fashion, upon a Handley-Page machine which fell into German hands over a year ago.

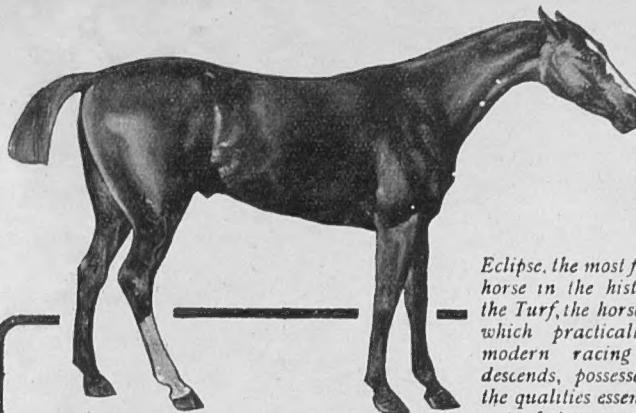


SHEFFIELD'S PRESENTATION OF AN AEROPLANE, THE "SHEFFIELD," TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND FORCES : LADY MORRIS (WIFE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND PREMIER) FIXING THE NEWFOUNDLAND BADGE AFTER NAMING THE PLANE BY BREAKING A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE PROPELLER.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

service hand over fist, and, while practically nothing was being done on our side of the Channel, Hun machines were being built in huge numbers and pilots trained in thousands. The upshot was that all manner of records were set up by the Germans in the summer of 1914, including an altitude performance of over 24,000 feet; but most remarkable of all was the flight from Berlin

**A Lost Opportunity.**

If we had made the same use of the machine as the enemy has done, the London raids might not have happened at all; but whereas the Germans were quick to recognise the value of a big bomb-carrying machine, our own Royal Flying Corps were provided with none at all, while the Admiralty ordered a limited number for the R.N.A.S. It is the latter which have done such good work at Dunkirk. What the public needs to know, from the technical point of view, is that there is a vast difference between a big machine capable of carrying 500-lb. bombs and the ordinary fighting machine at the front, which has a very much smaller "useful load," and drops bombs of much less effective value. It was a Handley-Page machine which bombed the *Goeben* at Constantinople, and the neglect to make full use of so highly serviceable a means of offence and defence is one of the remarkable incidents of the war. Mr. G. Holt Thomas, the leading British manufacturer of aeroplanes, and himself in no way concerned with the Handley-Page machine, has pertinently remarked that "the Gotha was designed, built, and flown in this country two years ago, and our aerial policy was at fault in not using them by the thousand to blow the Germans to"—where they ought to be.



*Eclipse, the most famous horse in the history of the Turf, the horse from which practically all modern racing-stock descends, possessed all the qualities essential in a perfect "racer."*

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## A POSTSCRIPT TO PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

**I** HEAR we may soon applaud in London a new musical comedy called "Maytime," now cheering New York. The play is in four parts, dealing with 1840, 1855, 1880, and the twentieth century, after the manner of "Milestones." "Maytime" is considered by the critics to be the best musical comedy produced in ten years. One of its songs, "Will You Remember?" is haunting America.



LEAD IN "HIGH JINKS" ON TOUR:

MISS MARJORIE GORDON.

Miss Gordon is seen in the part played by Miss Nellie Taylor.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

will see where the energy will come from." Thank heaven, I remembered the cheery soul who declared, "I don't know who Statistics is, but he is a liar!"

In these days of Gotha bombs and submarines amongst us, some of your mediæval defences are really rather quaint! I was just returning from my insurance broker, with an air-raid policy in my hand, when I passed the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Did ever you look at her back door? It is surrounded by a sort of nailed-

off garden-plot of vicious iron tulips. To walk on them would be a fine specimen of Chinese torture, and one would surely scream, even as the English did when they trod upon the thistle!

I found a charming little restaurant recently, not far from Hanover Square, which Mendelssohn used to frequent. An artist has rediscovered it, and very good it is—and very full too, as all good restaurants in town always seem to be.

I was taken the other day over a hospital-ship, a ship of mercy—an honour not given to many—and I want to tell everyone who has not seen this wonderful sight how beautifully they are fitted up. There's every comfort for officers and men, excellent food, and skilled and constant attention. I liked the swinging cots, which are like the most comfortable hammocks imaginable; but it appears that our wounded prefer them made stationary, which is easily done.

*On dit* that furs are extraordinary stuff these days, that Paris will have to eat a lot of rabbit *en casserole* this winter to account for the remarkable amount of it (dyed and called by other names).

Jenny is making sack-like things without sleeves—and some of the dresses are quite narrow, remarkably like trousers, but all fur-trimmed.

The long coat is in fashion for the *tailleur trotteur*, and velours de laine is the favourite material as-usual. Partly, of course, the narrow skirt had to be, because an order in France forbids any dress-stuffs being sold in more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  metres lengths—i.e., just under five yards.



IN "CHEEP": MISS BERYL HARRISON, SISTER OF MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

Photograph by Weather and Buys.

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## ALL ABOUT BOOKS.

**"The Gambler."** What different ways different people have of doing the same thing! The popular showman who finds a remarkable giant immediately scours the earth for a still more remarkable dwarf. It is black and white, blonde and brunette, virtue and vice, all the obvious world over. Not so Dostoevsky. He will take a passion—the strongest, you will say, known to us: rooted in the depths of life since life began—the passion of love, which is indeed the well-spring of life itself; he will also take an intense type of an intense emotional race just as badly bitten with love as man can be, for Alexey Ivanovitch was prepared to throw himself from the rock of the Schlangenberg for no kingdom but the joy of obedience to Polina's contemptuous command; or he was willing to insult an inoffensive old lady equally and only for Polina's contemptuous amusement. He was inflamed; he was abject, like a victim predestined, doomed to love. And yet, and yet—when life bent from some impossible height of dreams to bring all the once unattainable to his fevered longing, where is he, this Alexey Ivanovitch? You will never believe where, for my telling. You must read Dostoevsky's "The Gambler" (Heinemann); you must just learn from Dostoevsky's own mouth all those strange, touching, hideous, and sordid details of that party at Roulettenburg, and accept from him, as his genius will force it on you, the memory of poor Alexey Ivanovitch arguing with himself in a pitiful burst of mock-heroics that it was better, more prudent, more patient, more noble, to return to the Casino with his last pieces of money than to let it take him where health and happiness still awaited him. That is how Dostoevsky does things. To prove how great a passion may be, he sets it against the greatest of our passions

and shows it miserably triumphant. I won't mislead anyone that "The Gambler" will cheer them up between attacks of war-worry; it won't, any more than the dramas of "Edipus" or "King Lear"; but it will do for you what an overwhelming work of art can always do—it will withdraw you to a refuge of thought, almost a temple. "Poor People," which is the second story of this volume, is told in a series of touching letters between a man and a woman; it contains a picture of a lodging-house which Balzac would have thrilled to read, though he could not have escaped the thought that it was a close rival to his own art. "The Landlady," which is the last story of the three, I have read once, and freely admit that I must read it at least once again before I have remarks to make. It is the most foreign of his stories that I know—a thing of rainbow dreams and stormy shadows, idyllic and violent, and all involved in a student's change of rooms.

**"Summer."** Mrs. Wharton has written a touching little American romance that can be read in an hour or so, and finished with a sigh. From the Mountain, which is a lawless colony perched above neat New England villages, the little waif was brought down to comfort and civilisation. To the Mountain she flew when the fiery furnace of passion had scorched her past all bearing. And again from the Mountain she was rescued by the same kind though unattractive hands. Americans are particularly happy in the more delicate aspects of the love-story. They love their Paris, but there is nothing Latin in their treatment of love. It becomes a lyric in their literary hands, and an American Racine is inconceivable. Mrs. Wharton, who knows her Paris so well, to whom Paris has gratefully acknowledged her debt as a city these latter days, is yet all American in that respect. "Summer" (Macmillan) is just the book for these golden autumn afternoons.



AS A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE PRINCESS:  
MISS MARY ROBSON IN "ARLETTE."

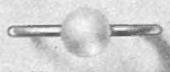
Photograph by Bertram Park.

latter days, is yet all American in that respect. "Summer" (Macmillan) is just the book for these golden autumn afternoons.



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